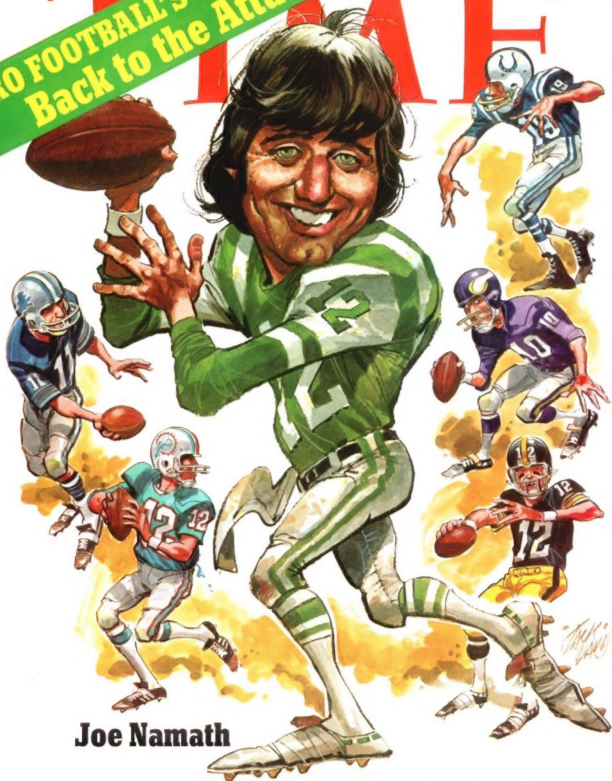


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OCTOBER 16, 1972

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you a break on auto
insurance when
bumpers got tougher.



1973 car bumpers just
got tougher. So here's
10%, 15%, or 20% off your
collision insurance.



Bumpers that can take bumps could
mean great savings to American car owners.
So Allstate made you a promise.

We said give us a car with tough
bumpers and we'll give you auto insurance
that costs less to buy.

Now we can keep that promise. 1973
cars have tougher bumpers.

So Allstate's giving all 1973 cars sold
in this country a 10%, 15% or 20% discount
on collision insurance.

The better the bumper, the better
the discount.


If you're getting a 1973 car, make sure
you come in and see us about your 1973
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We're trying to make driving a good
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Tougher bumpers
are a good start.

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Special rates and discounts available most states.



Now you can get all this for the price of a carton of milk.

If we could raise our children year round in a tropical paradise, they would get all the Vitamin D they need.

Sunshine is nature's best way to get us our Vitamin D. Unfortunately, it's just about nature's only way.

Because our children don't get enough Vitamin D from nature, many of them used to get rickets.

"Rickets" may sound like a disease out of the Dark Ages. But up until a few decades ago, it was all too common among U.S. children. Rickets prevents hardening of the bones. It can lead to bow-legs, knock-knees, deformed pelvises, crooked backs and other permanent defects.

The American Medical Association led the way in mounting a national effort to get children the Vitamin D needed for good bone development.

The AMA's Council on Foods and Nutrition worked closely with the dairy industry and government to come up with this sensible solution: Add Vitamin D to the milk children drink every day.

Since this program began in the 1930s, there has been a drastic decline in rickets among children.

The big reason has been that daily dose of good strong sunshine children get from milk.

The Vitamin D story is just one example of how we help watch over the public health.

Other examples: Getting Vitamin A added to skim milk (it's lost during the skimming process).

Developing tests and standards to assure the purity of drugs.

Helping our schools educate children in the ABCs of good health and nutrition.

Seat belts. We were urging seat belts for cars way back in 1954.


And we're at least partly responsible for your now being able to find a seat in a no-smoking section of an airplane.

Keeping you healthy is your doctor's job. But he needs all the help he can get.

And that's our job.

American Medical Association

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The Wizard wouldn't know what to do without her.



Avis. We try harder. And the harder we try, the easier it gets.

For people who love or hate sports.

If there's someone in your family who loves sports and someone who hates sports (a wife, perhaps), watching Brent Musburger on TV 2 News is the solution.

Brent has a knack for breaking big, exclusive stories. It's one reason why he was voted "Most outstanding sportscaster in Illinois" last year by the National Sportscasters and Sportswriters Association.

He's probably Chicago's most knowledgeable sports reporter.

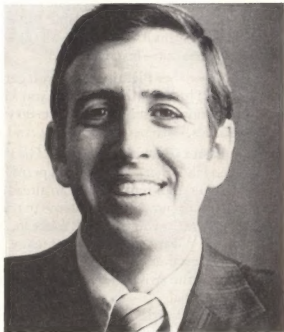
And, just as important (especially to a wife), Brent is the most interesting.

He's opinionated, enthusiastic, and often funny.

So even if the scores are dull, Musburger isn't.

Tune in tonight.

And may your whole family love or hate sports happily ever after.



TV2 News

6:00 and 10:00 p.m. CBS

Honeywell Strobonar 100 Electronic Flash: The \$29.⁹⁵ blue chip investment.

The Honeywell Strobonar 100: an investment. Instead of an expense. It costs you \$29.95*. Once. And at about 200 flash pictures a year, it should last 12 years or more.

Flashbulbs for the same number of flash pictures cost about \$30.*

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So with the Strobonar 100, you should save about \$350 over the next 12 years. And \$350 saved is \$350 earned. Which makes the Strobonar 100 one of the bluest blue chip investments.

The Strobonar 100 pays a dividend every time you click the shutter.

The dividends it pays are the better pictures you take. Simple settings determine just the right amount of light needed for a perfect exposure.

A built-in Ready Light glows each time the unit's ready to use. And with fresh batteries, that's a flash picture every 10 seconds! Without the hassle of flashbulb storage, changing, and disposal. When you're not using it, just slip it in your pocket.

The Strobonar 100 also synchronizes with your camera through a hot shoe contact or its detachable shutter cord and has a guide number of 25.

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LETTERS

The Last Taboo

Sir / While reading your article on the
brave new TV season [Sept. 25], it occurred
to me that perhaps the only taboo television
has not yet toppled is the one against in-
telligent programs.

STEVE BROOKS
Waterville, Me.

Sir / Your review of the new TV season,
which concentrated on the success of the
Lear-Yorkin team, was slick and commer-
cial; but like their comedy, it misses the
mark.

Comedy is basically a social corrective,
not just a form of entertainment. It is
Lear and Yorkin's preoccupation with put-
ting society's evils into a neat package to
sell to the networks that makes their shows
not much better than the ordinary sitcoms.

Their success does not stem from their
comedy. Rather, the laughter that arises is
merely the nervous reaction of a society that
refuses to change the conditions that
produce a bigoted Archie, a sad Sanford,
or a phony Maude.

E. X. TRAVERS
Silver Spring, Md.

Sir / Time edges close to the reason for the
strong appeal of *All in the Family* to the
American viewing public. I believe there are
two other reasons why the Bunker family
appeals to both sides of the political
spectrum.

The conservatives love Archie because
he gives public expression to many of their
hidden views. The liberals accept Archie be-
cause, in their opinion, he makes such fools
of all conservatives.

RICHARD W. WHARTON
Joaquin, Texas

Sir / Your implication that TV is "toppling
old taboos" is inaccurate and misleading.
Until TV topples the old and ironclad ta-
boo against showing the conservative view
in a favorable light, it will remain just what
it has always been: a mouthpiece for the
left-wing propagandists.

DANIEL Q. BROWN
Sandusky, Ohio

The Right to Know

Sir / When Republican spies raided Dem-
ocratic headquarters [Sept. 25], what docu-
ments did they steal? Do they plan to sell
the stolen documents to the New York
Times? Why are the Democrats so franti-
cally fearful that the stolen documents
might be publicized? In any event, it seems
to me that the public has a right to know
what was in the Democratic documents
—far more right than in the case of the
Pentagon papers.

ROBERT L. LUMPKIN
Pensacola Beach, Fla.

Sir / The television networks should exam-
ine the talents of Larry O'Brien. Since this
Watergate affair, who else is better qual-
ified to stretch a five-minute news item into
a two-hour extravaganza?

JAN SCHNEIDER
Riverside, Calif.

The Heart of the Church

Sir / As a practicing Roman Catholic, I was
ashamed rather than enraged at Pope Paul's
decree that women would be barred from
minor roles in the church [Sept. 25]. The

That's because how much you know about wine has somehow become an index to how much you've been around. And when the waiter hands you the wine list, it's as if he's handing

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to help. We think if you knew exactly what all the ritual was about, you'd feel a lot more comfortable about ordering fine wine with your meals. Which is certainly in our best interests.

First, you ought to be able to pronounce wine names correctly. Nothing can shake your confidence more thoroughly than to blurt out your order and pronounce it completely and totally wrong.

Most people have trouble with wine names because they're mostly French words. Actually, they're really not that hard if you work at them a bit. This pronunciation guide should help.

Now let's go through the whole thing step by step. First you order the wine, pronouncing it correctly. So far, so good. The waiter brings it out and shows it to you. At this point, you're supposed to inspect the label to see if it's the wine you ordered. Check the brand, the type of wine, and the vintage.

That done, the waiter should now open the wine. This is a ritual in itself. A good wine steward should remove

The cork should be placed beside your plate and the wine left open on the table but not poured. This allows the wine to come into contact with air, which expands its bouquet and gives it a fuller taste. Just before the main course, the waiter should return to pour the wine.

What follows here is a ritual dating back to the Middle Ages. At that time, a good way to kill off your enemies was to invite them to dinner and slip a little poison in their wine.

Needless to say, everyone soon got a little paranoid about going over to someone's castle for dinner. So in order to set the guests at ease, the host would take the first sip of wine.

We do the same thing today, but there's a more practical reason for this. The host, or man at the table, takes the first sip of wine simply to see if the wine has turned. If a wine has "turned" it has begun to dry out or oxidize. All wines will become corky and sour, if they are exposed to the air for a long period of time. So if the wine tastes unsatisfactory to you, send it back.



If you still feel a little threatened by the whole situation, here's an easy way to get on top of it.

Ask the waiter which wines on the list are estate bottled.

An estate bottled wine is made only from grapes grown in vineyards under the constant supervision of the vintner.

Then ask him, of those wines, which ones come from Napa Valley.

And of those, which wines are vintage wines

That should narrow it down to Inglenook.

Which will probably be the most expensive wine on the list, and the best

The waiter is sure to give you some points for your selection of wine.

Because no fool ever ordered
Englewood with his dinner

[illegible]

We make the most expensive wine in America

"I was hurt when my husband didn't name me executor of his estate. Until he told me why."

"John says an executor's job is far from an honorary one. As executor, he explained, I'd have a lot to cope with: Things I'm really not equipped to handle—at a time when I wouldn't want any extra burdens.

"Settling a large estate is so complicated, it takes professional experience to manage all the details. That's why John chose Continental Bank as his executor. They know *what* to do and *when* to do it.

"John says Continental has skilled specialists to handle the day-to-day estate administration, deal with the probate court, file appropriate tax returns, and make those important tax and investment decisions that could save us money. In fact, we might even save more money than Continental's professional help would cost us.

"Through John, I've met the people in Continental's Trust Department. They've answered all my questions in a way that makes me feel not only secure, but comfortable. They even explained how they will see to it that the family has adequate funds while the estate is being settled."

If your estate is valued at \$250,000 or more, it's to your advantage to name Continental Bank as your executor (or co-executor if there is a compelling reason for also naming an individual). Talk it over with your attorney, and then call Blaine E. Rieke, Vice President, at (312) 828-3593.



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And the responsibility—as well as the constant goal—of the trucking industry is to provide this kind of service with safety to achieve a lower distribution cost.

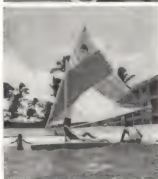
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LETTERS

Pope has singled out those who constitute the heart of the church, without whose presence there would be a spiritual as well as a financial disaster.

In an age of fruitful Christian enlightenment, he is unknowingly smothering the life of his beloved church.

PATRICIA KENNY
New York City

Sir / The church has hurt me deeply by saying that women are not worthy enough to be officially allowed to read the Scriptures at Mass. Both my husband and I read the Bible to our children in our home, and I defy any priest to tell my children that the parts Mommy reads are somehow tainted. However, I shall continue to be a practicing Catholic with the infinite faith that God is not as hung up on sex as men.

MARALEE KIRWAN BATTAGLIA
Niagara Falls

Sir / It strikes me that while you are seemingly well versed in the Catholic theology of the Eucharist prior to the Second Vatican Council, you have somehow fallen behind. I know of nothing in the council or since which implies that a Eucharistic Congress is a mark of regression.

If it is regressive for the Pope to deny abortion, adultery, permissiveness and pornography, a considerable number of people would choose to be regressive rather than embrace a shallow and bankrupt philosophy that would consider such distortions progress.

THE MOST REV. JOHN R. QUINN
Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa
Oklahoma City

More About Less

Sir / Re your story about Sociologist Andreski's charges [Sept. 25] that sociologists write more and more about less and less: I wish I'd said that—in print. I have said it often in class. It is to the credit of my professors that I was not booed out as a heretic.

(MRS.) HELEN PAGE
Camp Springs, Md.

Sir / Re "Science or Sorcery": as one who holds a degree in sociology, I am qualified to inform you that maximization of socioeconomic potential is a function of the needs and aspirations of the group. In other words, everyone has his hustle.

FRED PARKER
Camillus, N.Y.

Sir / Stanislaw Andreski's new book is another in a series of distinguished but quixotic attempts to shift social science closer to social reality. Such works are heretical because they call for a general demystification of their field, which runs counter to the vested interests of social science's most honored professionals.

A central value of Western society is the fanatical faith in science. Therefore those who possess "scientific" knowledge constitute the elite of Western intellectual culture.

Science, unfortunately, becomes equated with obscurantism, empiricism coupled with quantification—with the result that the more cryptic a person is, the more scientific he appears to be. Given that these are economically troubled times, even for "hard" scientists, I have some pragmatic advice for the nation's unemployed physicists, mathematicians and engineers.

Polish up your basic skills in higher mathematics and statistical techniques, for these are sufficient to make you a highly prestigious social scientist. Don't worry if you cannot write coherently, because if

more than ten people read anything you have written, it cannot possibly be scientific and should not have been written anyway.

FRANK P. TARNEY
Instructor of Sociology
Southeastern Massachusetts
University
North Dartmouth, Mass.

Sir / It certainly is true that Stanislaw Andreski's grandmother knew many things that social scientists are now "discovering." I, however, would like Andreski to analyze more of the social science principles his grandmother "knew." For example, my grandparents "knew" that "opposites attract" and that "birds of a feather flock together." In addition, they "knew" that "out of sight, out of mind" and that "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

The members of these pairs cannot both be true at all times for all social relationships. Social scientists working together in the areas of romantic love and friendship formation are trying to ascertain the specific situations under which these general and vague principles hold.

FMH J POSAVAC
Skokie, Ill.

Unshakable Policy

Sir / Despite the fact that TIME's articles usually include erroneous statements about Chile, I feel that your assertion that "Chile has flatly refused to help" United States authorities in the fight against drugs in the story "Search and Destroy—The War on Drugs" [Sept. 4] must be corrected.

It has been an unshakable policy of my government to combat illegal drug traffic at the national as well as the international level, in collaboration with other countries. This attitude reflects itself in the strict and prompt enforcement of all current international regulations such as, for instance,

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**From now on, we'd like you
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And there's a good reason why.

Most offices are not as productive as they could be.

Today, one big problem facing the office is the rising cost of handling an ever-increasing volume of necessary paperwork.

The average secretary, for example, simply can't get work out faster than the secretary of a generation ago. And yet the cost of the typical one-page business letter has more than doubled, to the point where it's now in the \$4 to \$8 range.

In view of this, we have taken a hard

look at the question of office productivity: what contributes to it and what detracts from it. And we've found that one of the most critical areas is the way people think about their office equipment and how it functions.

Introducing a new way of thinking about office productivity.

When they look around an office, many businessmen view equipment as an individual typewriter, here, an individual dictating machine, there, a copying machine, somewhere else, without thinking of them as part of a total communications system.

But the fact is, they are the compo-

nents of a system we call word processing. In fact, processing ideas and words are the starting point and the typed page ready for signature or distribution is the result. And the more consistently office equipment is viewed as a part of a word processing system, the more readily it can be drawn together into an efficient system.

Introducing a new terminology.

With all this in mind, we are putting forth some new terminology that reflects the word processing aspect of office equipment more accurately than words like dictating equipment or typewriter. A terminology which hopefully encourages a more comprehensive point of view.



First, there is input. Ideas and words in their raw form. Input is recorded on input processing equipment, such as IBM dictating machines or with something as simple as a stenographer's shorthand pad and pencil.

Second, there is output. The new ideas and words put into finished, distributable form. This is accomplished by means of output processing equipment, which can be as simple as an IBM typewriter or as sophisticated as the latest IBM magnetic keyboard typewriter and IBM copier.

Third, there is throughput. Total productivity which can be measured in terms of efficiency or cost.

Introducing an expanded line of input processing equipment.

Since input processing equipment can by itself cut the time needed to get material out by more than 25 percent, and since every office has its own needs, we are now offering our input processing equipment available in more models, and more flexible prices, than ever before.

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Simply call a Representative of our Office Products Division. He'll arrange to give you all the information you need about our expanded line of input processing equipment and more important, discuss which combination of input and output processing equipment can best help your office become as productive a place as you would like it to be.

IBM
Word Processing



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Impala is big. Beautiful. And bountifully equipped.

Again, the great American value. We include as standard: the power steering, power front disc brakes and automatic transmission.

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We've installed a new, larger 26-gallon gas tank.

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And we've made Impala to seat six comfortably in molded full foam seats.

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Chevrolet

those of the International Narcotics Control Committee.

The government of Chile is quite aware of the increase of illegal drug traffic, and in cooperation with Interpol and police services of different nations, including the United States, is making all the necessary efforts to combat it.

ORLANDO LETELIER
Ambassador of Chile
Washington, D.C.

Shoes When Required

Sir / Time's story "King of the Cocos" [Sept. 25] was fairer and more complete than most of the recent journalism I have read on the subject. As the sister of John Clunies-Ross, I have been distressed by sensational stories of "slavery probes."

But it is hard for me to see my brother as a "bizarre character." He goes barefoot for the same reason that people in any warm seaside community go barefoot, and he wears shoes when convention requires. And that's not a dagger. It's an all-purpose knife, similar to ones used by ranchers or sailors.

JOHN CLUNIES ROSS BURNETT
Thermal, Calif.

Writing on the Palm

Sir / Having been a white continental resident of St. Croix from 1962-63 and again from 1968-71, I can support the authenticity of your report "Behind the Façade" [Sept. 25].

The natural beauty and climate of "the Magic Virgin" is unsurpassed, and I left regretfully, but the continual fear of bodily harm, jeering harassment, the lack of orderly law enforcement and the apathy of

many public officials gave me no other choice. (Arriving at my residence to investigate the fourth break-in within six months, the officer proceeded to borrow a pen so that he could write the report on the palm of his hand, having no paper or pad.)

MARY M. SOLOMON
Mount Vernon, Ohio

Sir / I wish to take personal exception to the inference made by your correspondent Peter Range. I have made my home on St. Croix for the past eleven years, and in spite of the recent tragedy, I still love my home and feel 1,000% safer here than I ever could in any major city on the U.S. mainland.

I cannot say that innocent people have not suffered at the hands of racists, madmen or drug addicts. But I would like to point out that our community is no different from others all over the world that share problems of race, creed and bigotry. Ninety-nine percent of us Cruzans love our island and wish to share it with others. We are not afraid to stand behind it.

SUSAN J. KELLEY
Christiansted, St. Croix

Julie as Hostage?

Sir / I note that the President's daughter Julie states she would be willing to die for the Thieu regime [Sept. 25]. That's a little much to ask, but wouldn't it be grand if she were to offer herself as a hostage to the North Vietnamese? Then all our P.O.W.s could be released and returned home.

(MRS.) AUDREY H. THOMAS
Green Bay, Wis.

Sir / Please, it is important for me to know: When does Julie Nixon Eisenhower ship out for South Viet Nam? I want to

make sure no "peace burns" block the boat and keep her from going to the aid of President Thieu.

BETH DRAKE
Arlington, Texas

Bonekini

Sir / Jack Conrad, in his letter [Sept. 25] commenting on ever-shrinking beach attire, suggests that next will be the "nononkini" and asks what next? Perhaps the "bonekini"?

An oldtime Arizonan, when asked by a visitor what the Arizonans did when the temperatures reach 115°, answered, "Hell, we just go out on the porch, take off our skin and sit around in our bones."

R.G. MAHONEY
Tucson, Ariz.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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EVEN WHEN THE HEAT'S OFF, THE GLARE'S ON.

Now that the sun slants in at a lower angle, now that the shade trees are bare, the glare is sometimes worse.

For safety as well as comfort, you should still wear your Cool-Ray Polaroid Sunglasses, especially when driving. They have optically-designed distortion-free lenses that kill glare as well as excess brightness. They fit well. They are light. And they come in over 100 men's and women's styles.

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Cool-Ray Polaroid Sunglasses

Only where you see this tag



Nationwide independent TV reports Zenith Color TV

Here are the questions and of multiple-brand

Which color TV needs the fewest repairs?

Independent TV servicemen were asked this question because they are in a unique position to judge the reliability of different color TV brands.

Every major brand sold in the U.S. was included in this study.

The servicemen named Zenith most often as the brand of color TV which requires the fewest repairs. More than twice as many named Zenith (30%) as mentioned the second-place brand.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	30%
Brand A	11%
Brand B	9%
Brand C	5%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	21%
Don't Know	11%

Which color TV is easiest to fix when it does need repairs?

When something goes wrong with a color TV, being able to fix it easily means a lower repair bill.

Zenith is named more often in the survey than any other brand as being the easiest to repair. One-third (34%) of the TV servicemen report Zenith Color TV is the easiest to repair. A significantly smaller percentage (25%) named the second-place brand as the easiest to repair, and a much smaller percentage named other brands.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say is easiest to repair?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	34%
Brand A	25%
Brand B	11%
Brand D	5%
Brand F	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand C	3%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	18%
Don't Know	1%

survey of servicemen needs fewest repairs.

answers from a 175-city survey
TV service shops.

Which color TV would you prefer to own yourself?

Servicemen know color TV from the inside out. So we wanted their opinion on which brand they would buy today for themselves.

More servicemen named Zenith as the color TV they would buy (35%) than named any other brand.

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS:	Zenith	35%
	Brand A	21%
	Brand B	12%
	Brand D	7%
	Brand E	5%
	Brand C	4%
	Brand F	4%
	Brand G	3%
	Brand H	1%
	Brand I	1%
	Other Brands	6%
	Don't Know	9%

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some servicemen named more than one brand.

How the survey was made.

One of the best-known research firms in America conducted this study of independent TV servicemen's attitudes toward brands of color television. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV servicemen themselves in April, 1972, in 175 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV. Survey details are available on request.



Simulated TV picture.

ZENITH
The quality goes in
before the name goes on

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Journal's Reform

All through the '60s, the word reform bore, for many liberals at least, a talismanic quality: in reform lay progress, amelioration. Such may still be the case, but the editors of the *Wall Street Journal* are adopting a more jaundiced view of human affairs. In a memo to the paper's copy desk and all its bureaus, William Greger, national news editor, has banned the word in all headlines and copy "when there is any doubt whether it applies."

The order rests on an interesting philosophical assumption, a rejection of the liberal 19th century view that any change going by the name of reform means progress. The Great Society social engineering of the '60s has obviously left many Americans with a sour sense that such is not always the case—although others may argue that the reforms simply did not go far enough. In any case, the *Journal*, more in the spirit of 18th century toriosity, will now use such words as revision and change—a more neutral vocabulary. Oliver Goldsmith caught the spirit with his couplet in *The Traveller*:

*How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.*

May Day Redress

When the thousands of May Day demonstrators marching in the "Army of Peace" in Washington in 1971 tried, somewhat grandiosely, to shut down the Federal Government, the police found an efficient tactic to keep the city moving: mass arrest. During the protests, the capital police rounded up more than 13,000 persons, herding them, it seemed, into every lockup in town, including a fenced-in practice field near R.F.K. Memorial Stadium. Most were released the next day.

The Federal Government hummed on. So did a bitter controversy about the constitutionality of such wholesale and indiscriminate arrests. Of all those collared, only a handful were ever brought to trial. The American Civil Liberties Union filed three class-action suits seeking damages for false arrests. A score of those imprisoned have filed similar accusations. Last week two received some satisfaction.

U.S. District Court Judge Gerhard A. Gesell awarded the first civil damages from the litigation—a total of

\$9,000 in damages and legal fees to two Labor Department employees who were caught in the dragnet. The city government, which must pay the damages, argued that the mass arrests were justified by an emergency situation, but Judge Gesell declared: "The constitutional protections that are available to citizens of this country are protections which must be zealously safeguarded, and the appropriate time to safeguard them particularly is in times of stress and strain."

The Football Bloc

As campaign issues go, it could not compete with the war, the economy or law-and-order. But it was certainly an emotional question, as Richard Nixon understood. For years the National Football League has forbidden television broadcasts of a team's home games within a 75-mile radius of its city, arguing that TV would cut the take at the stadium. Now Congress is considering legislation that would ban the blackout. The President, a sports addict who also knows that the American football bloc is a formidable constituency, came out solidly behind the idea and said that he hopes to sign a bill into law before Congress goes home this week—a doubtful prospect at this point. In any case, Nixon had made the gesture. In a sense, it was even a grandly selfless move: since the White House telecommunications network can pick up virtually any broadcast in the country, Nixon personally never has to miss a Washington Redskins game on the tube.

Now Hear This, Freaks

In 1968, it was the "Clean for Gene" syndrome—McCarthy's young legions getting themselves barbered and laundered lest too countercultural an appearance frighten off the more conventional citizenry. This year some of George McGovern's youthful volunteers are practicing the same Dale Carnegie tactics. Some of those who are not getting themselves set straight. In Wisconsin, for example, McGovern headquarters mailed out instructions to some 70 state schools and universities. "Guys who canvass," said the memo, "should try to look halfway decent. Every freak must have at least a pair of slacks and a shirt. Similar for chicks. We have to play the game to at least some extent to win, and an ill-dressed freak might arouse the straighter qualities of some residents. So please, some appropriate clothes."



Fireside chat.



The real campaign fight.



"This is the famous McGovern Credibility Gap."

The Issue of McGovern

MARCHING forth from Miami Beach last July, George McGovern and his men believed that by Oct. 1 they would be closing in on Richard Nixon, savaging him with the war and that Democratic standby, the economy. Most of all, the McGovernites calculated, the issue of 1972 would be Nixon the man—the old “tricky” image, the used-car dealer, the walking credibility crisis. The irony is that the election so far is turning not on Nixon’s character and credibility but on McGovern’s.

The problem incenses and bewilders McGovern. He told a *LIFE* interviewer, “Inside, I’ve been alternately weeping and boiling. The quality I treasure most is my credibility.” All last week McGovern’s frustration seemed to mount. His rhetoric took on a new stridence, a tendency toward verbal overkill that was at odds with the image of plain-spoken reason he had earlier cultivated. At times there were notes of self-righteousness and occasional self-pity.

His dominant theme was Government corruption. Where earlier he had called Nixon’s the most corrupt Administration since Warren Harding, he now called it “the most corrupt in the history of the U.S.” The evidence, said McGovern, was everywhere—in the Russian wheat deal, in the President’s \$10 million in secret campaign contributions, in the ITT affair and the Watergate bugging. Then he broadened his definition to include the war in Viet Nam, which he said “corrupts our principles.” Nixon’s Supreme Court nominations, he went on, corrupt the Constitution and were “the worst Supreme

Court appointments in history.” Watching it all, James Reston of the *New York Times* recalled Andrew Jackson’s supposed remark at the Battle of New Orleans: “Better elevate them guns a little lower.” McGovern may have been correct in his anger at the absence of indignation in the U.S. (see *TIME* ESSAY). But overstatement only promised to diminish his credibility further.

In Chicago McGovern charged that the Republicans were funneling money to groups in the city’s Spanish-speaking community to tell people that they had nothing to gain from either party, and thus reduce voter registration. Then McGovern added that four years ago the G.O.P. gave funds to black militants for the same purpose. When reporters asked the basis of his charge, McGovern said that he heard it from “reliable people.” What organizations received the money? “I’m not going to divulge that.” Finally a reporter suggested that the unsubstantiated allegation smacked of McCarthyism, and McGovern answered: “The difference is that this is the truth. Joe McCarthy lied to us.” Later, a McGovern operative did attempt to document the charge at least in part.

Light. Only twice last week did McGovern abandon his slashing attacks on Nixon to set forth some proposals of his own. In New York, he detailed a program for combating crime with gun-control laws, additional foot patrolmen, tenant patrols, a “national light-streets” plan and other ideas. In Cleveland he turned to foreign policy (see following story). This week, in a half-hour national television address, he will spell out his specific plan for getting the U.S. out of Viet Nam. It will come almost exactly four years after Nixon’s campaign speech in which he declared, “Those who have had a chance for four years and could not produce peace should not be given another chance.”

In a speech before United Press International editors in Washington last week, McGovern gave three possible explanations for why his campaign still lags far behind in the polls: “First, a failure by me to communicate my real character and veracity to the voters; second, a masterful political selling job by Mr. Nixon; third, a possible inability by some of the press to bring the same critical examination to the two candidates.”

McGovern perhaps is correct in criticizing the press for focusing considerable attention on his earlier staff squabbles without probing very deeply into Nixon’s bland and often hermetically sealed operations. Sometimes the chaotic openness and candor of the McGovern campaign has perhaps invited stories about dissension, while the Nixon non-campaign has too often reduced reporters to press-release journalism.



McGOVERN & EAGLETON IN MISSOURI
Alternately weeping and boiling.

Undeniably there has also been a zig-zag effect in the press. Many reporters who were taken aback by McGovern’s success in the primaries wrote admiringly of him then, speculating about the deep sources of discontent that he had tapped, but grew more critical and skeptical after the convention.

McGovern’s own behavior is also very much to blame, and that fact is most damagingly symbolized by what the numerically minded Chinese would undoubtedly call “The Failure of the Double Thousands.” His \$1,000-per-person revenue sharing plan, first offered, then withdrawn, left him in the double jeopardy of seeming both unwise and wishy-washy, although he spiritedly argued last week that a mature leader must have the right to change his mind. Other items fell into place, leaving the impression of just another politician with his moistened finger to the wind. The purity of his stand on Viet Nam made it all the worse when he recently allowed that Lyndon Johnson had only inherited the war. McGovern initially denied then admitted that he had given Pierre Salinger instructions for a mission to the North Vietnamese in Paris. Both Nixon’s and McGovern’s advisers agree that the Thomas Eagleton affair did the most to undermine the Democrat’s image. McGovern let the debacle run on for days, first pledging “1,000%” support for Eagleton, then dropping hints to reporters that Eagleton would be replaced—a performance disastrously at odds with McGovern’s pledge that he would never be the sort of politician who “says one thing to the press in public and something else in private.”

In his U.P.I. speech last week, McGovern continued to insist that “I handled the matter of Senator Eagleton’s candidacy with compassion and with genuine concern for the best interests of the nation. The nation can ill afford to debate this issue while death stalks the face of Indochina and our nation deteriorates under the worst leadership in



“This is the famous Nixon Credibility Gap.”

our history." At week's end, after crowds in Des Moines and Kansas City, Mo., gave him his warmest receptions of the campaign, McGovern flew on to Eagleton's home town of St. Louis, where he joined his former running mate and delivered a feeling apology. "If there were mistakes," he said, "they were honest mistakes of the heart." Dropping his strident tones, McGovern spoke eloquently of his vision of the presidency and the nation, of his conception of "the moral leadership worthy of a great people."

The Republican strategy this year has long been obvious. In the manner of any incumbent with a solid lead, Nixon means to let McGovern stew in his own frustrations, to make McGovern himself the issue as long as possible. The

race this fall has in fact been no campaign at all in the customary sense. The Republican President scarcely seems a candidate; the man who barely gained a 43.4% plurality in 1968 sits now in distant, almost imperial self-satisfaction while the polls promise landslides.

Last week, in a surprise news conference, Nixon casually dismissed McGovern's corruption charges. "I think the responsible members of the Democratic Party will be turned off by this kind of campaigning," he said. "I am not going to dignify such comments." Politically he did not need to.

One White House aide, surveying the campaign, offered this analysis: "McGovern's the issue, and he's only got five weeks. I don't think he can do it. If the people keep focusing on Mc-

Govern, then we win by 20 [points]. If they vote on how we've handled the economy over the last four years, then we might lose the election. The housewife certainly doesn't think we've been too hot on that. We're not 28 points ahead. McGovern is 28 points behind. There's no way the old man can win an election by more than 55% against a strong Democrat. You've got to have someone against you like McGovern."

ISSUES '72

The Candidates' World

The best case to be made for Richard Nixon's re-election can probably be found in his handling of foreign relations. George McGovern, on the other hand, has been accurately criticized for not articulating a clear foreign policy alternative of his own. Last week, speaking before the City Club of Cleveland, McGovern attempted to do just that. He rejected Republican charges that he is an isolationist and scored some telling points against Nixon's global policies; yet he left his own view of the world too fuzzy for the speech to make a major political impact. McGovern defenders argue that candidates are rarely expected to be specific about foreign affairs. But in addition to challenging an experienced incumbent, McGovern in the past has made much of his claim that he is specific on the big issues.

Nixon had watched the international monetary situation approach collapse for nearly a year before doing anything about it, McGovern charged, and when he did act it was to employ the "six-gun diplomacy of John Connally," thereby antagonizing U.S. allies. He had "insulted" Japan by not advising its leaders in advance of his trip to Peking and of the potential impact of his New Economic Policy. He had lost the good will of India by siding with Pakistan in their brief war, and he had wasted five months to recognize "the infant, struggling nation of Bangladesh that has suffered so much for so long." Nixon had also "defied the conscience of mankind by giving up U.S. opposition to racism in Southern Africa," and he had "used the power of his office to bully and intimidate Latin American nations."

More generally, McGovern claimed that Nixon's policies were based on a scheme of balancing world power among five giants: the U.S., Russia, China, Europe and Japan. But that, he contended, is "a naive, pre-nuclear view" of the world—"an old world of kings and princes and empires that we will never see again." A balance among the giants cannot remove the causes of war among other nations, he pointed out, "nor can it dispel the demand of some 140 countries to have a say in the issues which determine their survival. Our preoccupation with a military balance leaves untouched the deadly imbalances among population, resources



SARGENT SHRIVER



ELEANOR MCGOVERN



VICE PRESIDENT AGNEW

Sweet and Sour Political Rhetoric

CAMPAIGN rhetoric is not always up to the level of 1884, when a Republican helped doom his candidate by calling the Democrats the "party of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." But this season's accumulation of banalities, balderdash, wit (sometimes unintended) and invective is impressive enough. Some of last week's prize entries:

► "I think we can safely say that the only consistent thing about Senator McGovern is his consistent inconsistency."—Spiro Agnew.

► The investigation of the Hiss case "was basically a Sunday school exercise compared to the amount of effort that was put into this [the investigation of the Watergate break-in]."—Richard Nixon.

► "I've changed my positions on fewer fundamental issues than any other person I know of who's ever run for the presidency."—George McGovern.

► "That's very much like Scrooge trying to take credit for the spirit of Christmas."—McGovern, referring to Nixon's attempt to take credit for the increase in social security payments.

► "I have made a commitment, and I make it here again today. There will be no tax increase in 1973. However, there is one problem with that commitment. There will be no presidential tax increase. There could be a congressional tax increase."—Nixon.

► "What really makes my heart bleed is that these bleeding hearts don't have any sympathy for the people that stand in the South Vietnamese marketplace when rockets were deliberately aimed at them."—Agnew.

► "Things are so confused now we don't know if we're dealing with the old Nixon or the new Nixon or the old, old Nixon or the new, new Nixon or even with the old, old, old Nixon."—Sargent Shriver.

► "I guess we've got to just accept the fact that McGovern doesn't have a plan for America. All that the fractional and truncated plans he offers seem to do is make him very popular in some sectors in North Viet Nam."—Agnew.

► "I think there's been enough killing and dying for a corrupt regime. That doesn't mean that I wouldn't be willing to die for something that represents the best that we want to protect in the world."—Eleanor McGovern on whether she would be willing to die for the Thieu regime, as Julie Eisenhower and Pat Nixon had said they would.

► "Nowhere in the Bible, not even in *Revelation*, is it written that black people have to vote Democratic. McGovern went to France to get a running mate before turning to a black brother here at home."—Alban Niles, a black Democrat for Nixon, speaking at a Republican dinner in Los Angeles.

and wealth—and they too endanger our lives."

McGovern contended that Nixon was following a policy of "unconscious isolationism"; he had allowed the U.S. to become isolated from its allies and trading partners, isolated from the world's developing nations, and isolated "from reality by the insistence that tough talk and big Pentagon budgets are somehow synonymous with national manhood." McGovern called instead for "a new internationalism," which would de-emphasize military solutions and big-power politics. It would instead accent multilateral cooperation, especially in helping small nations overcome hunger and poverty.

McGovern seemed most convincing in the generally appealing tone of his statement and in his criticism of Nixon's tone: it is true that Administration

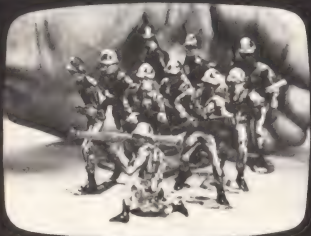
Premier Kakuei Tanaka. In calling for greater nuclear-arms reductions, he brushed off the fact that Nixon has been vigorously pursuing just that in the SALT talks with the Russians but legitimately criticized him for seeking more money for arms at the same time. McGovern could only applaud Nixon's trips to Moscow and Peking and imply that he would build on that base. He sounded every bit as dedicated to the preservation of Israel and opposition to Arab terrorism as Nixon has, leaving little variation there. The most significant differences between the two candidates apparently rest on their continuing arguments over the necessary level of military forces and over U.S. policy in Viet Nam. Those differences have not changed during the campaign.

McGovern insists, as he has all along, that his call for a \$32 billion cut

Sherman, argues that "the deception in the ads lies not in the numbers they use but in the implication."

The argument is of great importance. Certainly McGovern has been courageously specific in his alternate defense program, and the Nixon Administration has not been persuasive in its contention that he would leave the U.S. with an inadequate nuclear weapons arsenal. McGovern would end the policy of placing multiple warheads in the Minuteman ICBMs and Polaris submarine missiles, modernize the B-52 strategic bomber fleet rather than develop a new bomber, and rely heavily on submarine-borne nuclear missiles as the main deterrent against nuclear war.

McGovern is on riskier ground in the sharp reductions he would seek in conventional forces, including a large unilateral reduction in U.S. forces sta-



G.O.P. TELEVISION SPOT ON McGOVERN TROOP CUTBACKS



HAND SWEEPS AWAY PLANES TO BE ELIMINATED

policy has too often been articulated in *mucho* terms of preserving an undefined and rather flexible national honor by always being first in nearly everything. It is also true that the U.S. has acted abruptly and sometimes abrasively in shifting its monetary, trade and foreign alignments. As for the Nixon balance-of-power concept, it has sometimes been explained by the President in overly simplistic terms, but its application by Henry Kissinger has been anything but naive, and it is hard to see just what kind of practical framework McGovern is suggesting to replace it.

When McGovern discussed some of the specific actions he would take in foreign affairs, the contrast with Nixon policies was not great. He would more speedily grant China diplomatic recognition, although the difference between this and what Nixon has done is of consequence mainly to Taiwan. Even as he urged closer cooperation with Japan, he had to note that Nixon had conferred, however belatedly, with Japan's new

in the defense budget over three years would still leave the U.S. the world's strongest military power and would not endanger national security. He contends that the present force is wastefully large. The Nixon Administration argues that cuts of the size McGovern advocates would reduce U.S. military strength to the point where the nation could not back up its worldwide commitments. Nor is the Administration alone in such criticism. A current Nixon television commercial shows miniature fighter squadrons, naval vessels and toy soldiers, and then a hand dramatically sweeping away the forces that McGovern would eliminate. The announcer then quotes from Hubert Humphrey's primary campaign attacks on McGovern, protesting that this "isn't just cutting into the fat, it isn't just cutting into manpower; it's cutting into the very security of this country." McGovern aides validly objected to some of the statistics in the commercials, although one of his defense analysts, Bob

tioned in Europe. While his claim that aircraft carriers are too vulnerable in all-out war to be worth their huge costs is perhaps plausible, he probably underestimates their usefulness in a lesser crisis. His intention to keep only three carriers at sea sounds dangerous, although the Nixon Administration normally deploys only five carriers at a time, while keeping more in reserve than McGovern recommends. In general, McGovern would seem to provide less U.S. flexibility in meeting military contingencies without resort to nuclear weapons.

Clearly, it is on Viet Nam that McGovern still hopes many voters will base their choice. Asked after his speech whether Nixon's record in world affairs was not excellent except for Viet Nam, McGovern denied that it was, but added that even if it were true, "To say that we are doing fairly well in foreign policy except for Viet Nam is very much like a man saying 'I feel pretty well except for the cancer in my lungs'."

Catering to the Jewish Vote

A FAR-REACHING trade agreement is about to be signed between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Pens are poised, smiles are set—but wait! There is a last-minute snag. By vote of the Politburo, the Russians refuse to sign until the U.S. agrees to integrate all its public schools. This is a matter of principle with the Russians; they will not budge. The American public is outraged. As if busing was not bad enough, to bus on Communist command! Just what anti-busers said all along: it's a Communist plot. Negotiations break down.

A totally implausible scenario? It depends upon where one sits. From the Soviet point of view, they were treated to a somewhat similar spectacle by the U.S. Senate last week. Just as the finishing touches were being put on a trade agreement laboriously worked out after the President's visit to Moscow last spring, 75 Senators sponsored an amendment to block the pact when it comes to a vote next year unless Russia rescinds the tax it has imposed on Soviet Jews who want to leave the country. If the Senate action was an intrusion into Russian affairs, it was also a remarkable display of the power of the Jewish vote in America. For weeks Jewish organizations had worked the corridors of Congress, lining up Senators to support the amendment. Those who hesitated received phone calls. Charles Percy, who refused to knuckle under, was attacked on the issue by his Democratic opponent in his senatorial campaign in Illinois. It was not a reassuring performance from a body that feels it should have more say in foreign policy.

The proposed amendment also contradicted what many liberal Senators have been declaiming for years: that the U.S. should not meddle in other countries' affairs, that free and unrestricted trade is in the best interest of everyone. John Foster Dulles was excoriated for

preaching the American gospel to wayward nations; whenever the U.S. intervened abroad, however gingerly, it was bound to suffer a certain amount of liberal rebuke. Yet here were liberals telling the Russians how to behave at home—although many of them would hardly have suggested a trade embargo of the Soviet Union because of similar treatment meted out to the Ukrainians, for instance, or because of the fact that thousands of nameless Russians are in labor camps, or even because of the invasion of Czechoslovakia. The conservatives who voted for the amendment are hardly more consistent. While usually ready enough to put pressure on the Soviet Union, they resist similar actions proposed by liberals against right-wing regimes, for instance, in Greece or Brazil.

Embargoes. To rationalize the Senate's act, the author of the amendment, Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, quoted Alexander Solzhenitsyn: "There are no internal affairs left on our crowded earth." In reply, Gaylord Nelson, who voted against the amendment, mused: "I do not understand why the policy, if we are going to apply it, should not apply, for example, to Uganda, which is arbitrarily driving out of the country some 60,000 natives who were born and raised there, not only charging a fee but confiscating all their property. Or why it should not apply to all dictatorial countries where emigration is denied to its citizens or where excessive emigration fees are imposed as in the Soviet Union."

The U.S. has in fact held up a loan to Uganda, but not suspended regular aid. Trade embargoes and other forms of economic pressure are legitimate tools of any world power, in some situations. Moreover, no one denies that the fate of the Soviet Jews is pitiable and that they should be helped. There



McGOVERN IN LOS ANGELES
Too spotty.

is a question, however, whether such help is best offered through clumsy economic blackmail or through more subtle means. An even larger question is at what point the desire to bring justice to persecuted minorities in other lands should override the clear U.S. national interest. Despite some doubts, the trade deal with the Soviet Union seems to be very much in America's and the world's interest. It is part of a major Nixon effort to reshape global relationships and end the last of the cold war. Were it not an election year, it would be hard to conceive of so much moral concern driving so many Senators of normally diffuse and diverse zeals into common action.

The threat of a Jewish defection alarms politicians. Nixon entertains visiting Israelis every chance he gets; since the campaign began, McGovern has probably been in more temples and synagogues than Methodist churches. More substantively, for the first three years of his Administration, Nixon pursued a relatively evenhanded policy. But as the campaign got closer—and the Soviet arms buildup in Egypt continued—he grew more nervous and sided increasingly with Israel. Even when Egyptian President Anwar Sadat tossed out the Russians last July, Nixon was reluctant to make any overt move toward the Arabs, although it seemed like a prime opportunity for the U.S. to gain some of the influence the Soviets were obviously losing. Aside from not wanting to offend Jews, Nixon was worried about ruffling Soviet sensibilities at a time of delicate negotiations. To his credit, the President has refused to "demagogue," as he puts it, on the subject of the Soviet Jews. He took the political risk of urging Jewish organizations not to force a "harsh confrontation" with Russia. He was trying to help

"In response to Senator McGovern's charge that the President does not care enough about Israel, White House Gardener Soul Sternberg said today..."



the Soviet Jews with quiet diplomacy, and word had been dropped by Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko that the tax might be reduced or phased out.

McGovern has felt pressured to talk even tougher than Nixon. His record on Israel has been considered too spotty by Jews; at one time he had urged the Israelis to return most of the territories conquered in the Six-Day War and to internationalize Jerusalem. Jews are even more alarmed by McGovern's staff. Aide Rick Stearns once signed a New Left, pro-Arab newspaper ad; last month, Campaign Manager Gary Hart said that he thought McGovern should condemn Israel for its retaliatory raids on Lebanon. McGovern is not about to take that advice. He told a crowd in New York that he would be willing to commit U.S. troops to Israel to prevent the nation from being overrun—a pledge not even the most ardent Israel supporters have asked from the candidates.

Bond. Jews constitute only 3% of the population, but they are strategically located in the big electoral states. They vote proportionally in greater numbers than any other ethnic group. They are prominently represented in the press and academic professions, and they also contribute more heavily to political campaigns. Their power is enhanced this year because their vote is split. For the first time, the Republicans feel they can slice heavily into a normally Democratic vote. Nixon is expected at least to double the 15% of the Jewish vote he won in 1968; he plans to pick up \$5,000,000 in Jewish contributions. Beyond that, the Jewish voters may be even better mobilized this year because they seem to feel somewhat on the defensive. Many blacks are openly showing hostility to Jews. Quotas, the devices that once kept Jews out of universities, professions and government service, are making something of a comeback (TIME, Oct. 9).

Quite apart from such current preoccupations, American Jews continue to feel a profound and almost mystical bond with Israel. As Milton Himmel-farb wrote in *Commentary* with a prophetic pessimism worthy of Ezekiel: "Our overriding interest of any kind is Israel. If—which God forbid—Israel should cease to exist, do we not know in our bones that the Jews could cease to exist?" In fact, of course, U.S. policy is firmly committed to the existence of Israel and undoubtedly would be even without Jewish political influence in the U.S. Moreover, the Jewish vote does not act monolithically, and current Jewish uneasiness about McGovern, for instance, is probably caused by his economic policies as much as by doubts about his Israeli commitment.

But vast numbers of Jewish voters do judge any political candidate on the basis of his support for Israel, which has tended to imbalance U.S. politics and limit the freedom of U.S. foreign policy. Judging U.S.-Soviet relations

primarily by how Moscow treats Russian Jews is similarly risky.

All kinds of interests, very much including big business, constantly exercise their right to lobby and persuade; minorities traditionally try to influence American diplomacy. But the process cannot be overloaded indefinitely with special demands; it just might break down. If the U.S. can help cool off the world, everyone—Israel and American Jewry included—will ultimately benefit.

THE WAR

Light at Last?

A fresh susurrus of rumors about an impending peace settlement in Viet Nam welled up last week, but with somewhat more than the usual volume. Both the Times of London and U.P.I., flitting from Saigon, reported breakthroughs—and both stories were emphatically denied by both the White House and by North Vietnamese officials. Much of the speculation seemed inspired by the fact that Major General Alexander M. Haig Jr., deputy to National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger, had conferred with South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu in Saigon. TIME White House Correspondent Jerrold Schecter assesses the situation:

There are various indicators that the North Vietnamese are preparing for a political and military end to the war. U.S. intelligence experts report that captured North Vietnamese documents in the South indicate that cadres are being advised of the possibility of a cease-fire. But more immediately, cadres are being exhorted to a military effort before the U.S. election.

The President's May 8 proposal called for an end to "all acts of force throughout Indochina" after all American prisoners of war are released and "once the internationally supervised cease-fire has begun." That is the military part of the problem. Once these conditions have been met, the President has said, it would "permit the United States to withdraw with honor." These terms also, he explained, "would allow negotiations on a political settlement between the Vietnamese themselves."

There seems little doubt that these principles have now been accepted in the Paris talks and that in this sense there is a broad area of agreement. But the difficult determination of terms and timing remains negotiable and unresolved. Thus there is an important distinction to be made between agreement in principle to end the war and the final

timetable. U.S. intelligence officers as well as Vietnamese exile sources in Washington, D.C., say that though they do not expect a cease-fire before the election, they do foresee a positioning by both Washington and Hanoi that will lead to a cease-fire and political negotiations between North and South Viet Nam early next year. Nevertheless, all of the diplomatic activity makes a dramatic development at any moment a continuing possibility.

President Nixon's remarks at his press conference last week, if studied closely, indicate the willingness of the U.S. to follow the May 8 formula if an agreement on certain adequate guarantees can be reached. Said Nixon: "The settlement will come just as soon as we can possibly get a settlement which is right, right for the South Vietnamese, the North Vietnamese and for us, one that will have in mind our goals of preventing the imposition by force of a Communist government in South Viet Nam and, of course, a goal that is particularly close to our hearts, in a humanitarian sense, the return of our prisoners of war." Then the President added that "under no circumstances" would the timing of a possible settlement or related measures "be affected by the fact



HAIG, AMBASSADOR BUNKER & THIEU IN SAIGON
A question of terms and timing.

that there is going to be an election Nov. 7." Nixon's remarks must be read not so much as an appeal to American voters as a signal to the North Vietnamese that the guarantees that neither side will dominate South Viet Nam's political life are not yet satisfactory. Moreover, however welcome a settlement would be before the election, Nixon feels that he does not need it to win. In fact, an election-eve settlement might well be criticized on the grounds that Nixon might have got the same deal sooner, but cynically timed it to his maximum electoral advantage.

Presently the bargaining appears to be concerned with the point at which

THE NATION

Thieu will resign, and indeed whether he will step down as part of the initial solution. All indications are that what is being fashioned will be a separation of the military and political solutions at a decent interval. This can mean a ceasefire, bombing halt and return of prisoners before a political settlement is made. But there will have to be some agreed-upon conditions and procedures for the sharing of political power through a government of national union or a national commission that will include the Communists. In his talks with President Thieu, General Haig is reported to have discussed the details of the Paris talks and gone over possibilities and names for a tripartite government that would include the present regime in some form, the Communists and a neutral faction.

Thieu's real power will remain only until the American presidential election. Were he, for example, to charge a betrayal or drag his feet as he did in 1968, not only could he topple the negotiations but he could hurt Nixon at the polls. Thus the U.S. must continue to work for a political solution that, while including the North Vietnamese in power-sharing in the South, does not give them an edge. With Thieu in office the North Vietnamese believe they have little chance of sharing power. Even among South Vietnamese political leaders, the prevailing view is that Thieu must leave the scene before there can be a solution. Says one Administration official: "The positions have changed. But there is not an agreement; we have not got that last element."

The North Vietnamese could give more ground on the composition of the government and Thieu's tenure in the next round of talks. That remains entirely speculative. Nevertheless, the negotiations are reaching a new and critical stage of resolution.

MAYOR COOPER & WIFE AT INAUGURATION CEREMONIES IN PRICHARD

RACES

New Mayor in Town

The residents of Prichard, a decaying and listless town of 41,000 people on the outskirts of Mobile, had not known such excitement since Alabama Governor George Wallace last gave his rousing annual Labor Day address in a local park. There, behind the screaming sirens of the escorting police motorcycles, came four Lincoln Continentals, a white Cadillac, a marching band and an ROTC drill team. The town, almost equally divided between blue collar whites and impoverished blacks, was parading to inaugurate its new and unlikely mayor: Algernon ("Jay") Cooper Jr., 28, a smooth and sophisticated Northern-educated black.

Morale. The election of Cooper, an Alabama-born graduate of Notre Dame and New York University's School of Law, seemed to signal a new era of interracial cooperation in a community in which only one black had held an appointive position in the municipal government. One of Cooper's first post-election acts, in fact, was to visit the disabled Wallace and invite him to speak again in Prichard at any time. Preaching conciliation rather than proclaiming black power, Cooper had unseated the lackadaisical twelve-year incumbent mayor, Vernon Capps, 62, by applying some of the organizational expertise he had acquired as a campaign aide to Robert Kennedy.

Although Prichard's whites initially held about a 55%-to-45% edge over blacks in voter registration, partly because there are 1,900 more voting-age whites, Cooper and a team of friends managed to add another 2,000 blacks to the voting rolls, closing the gap. At the same time, he so thoroughly denounced Capps for allowing industry to

leave the town roads to deteriorate and police morale to sag that whites felt little incentive to vote at all. Cooper won by 544 votes out of 10,648 cast.

Cut in the Julian Bond style of the handsome and articulate young Southern black politician, Cooper has earned the support of the predominantly white Prichard police force by promising to get more federal aid for pay and equipment. In a city where the median income is under \$5,000 a year, any help he can bring in through his knowledge of federal aid programs is sorely needed. His personality and promises have earned some grudging white support. "He may be a nigger," said one police sergeant, "but he's sure the smartest mayor we ever had." Explained A.J. Lawler, a 25-year resident: "Don't get me wrong, I don't love him. But I tell you, if he does half the things he says he'll do, I'm behind him all the way."

At his inauguration, Cooper, who is light-skinned, this great-great-grandmother was the mistress of Confederate General Jean Jacques Alexandre Alfred Mouton and is buried beside him in Lafayette, La.), pledged that his administration would offer "equal opportunity in everything" to both races. With his London-educated wife Mado at his side, the new mayor conceded that a swimming pool in a black neighborhood was "psychologically and realistically inaccessible" to whites and that "white kids are swimming in a polluted creek." He would get the money, he promised, to build a new pool convenient to both races, but "they'll have to learn to swim together."

It did not take long for the town's long-dominant white politicians to demonstrate that they are not all that ready to work in harmony against financial and civic decline. At the first meeting of the five-man city council, which contains one newly elected black, a three-man majority voted themselves control of all the town's supervisory committees and threw out the black officeholder.

Cooper, hoping to enlist whites who desire change, vows to fight back, but he foresees a potentially divisive struggle. If it comes to that, he is confident that he will prevail, yet fearful that in the process many whites might leave town. In the end, Cooper predicts, the racial dilemma will dissolve because "the whites who remain are going to learn that blacks won't treat them badly."

WELFARE

So Much for No. 1

Former Attorney General John Mitchell once said of the Nixon Administration, "Watch what we do instead of listening to what we say." It is an apt alert. The gulf between the two can be wide, and nowhere more so than on the subject of welfare reform. Nixon has long been on record as saying that reform of the "welfare mess" was



his "White House priority No. 1." Yet for more than a year he has put little of his prestige and even less of his energy behind his own reform measures. Last week, with welfare legislation finally before the full Senate, the President turned thumbs down on the various compromise reform measures that came to a vote. Thus he got apparently what he wanted—nothing.

Nixon's own welfare-reform plan was advanced three years ago by Daniel Moynihan, a Kennedy Democrat who used his charms and powers of persuasion as a presidential assistant to help win over Nixon's more conservative inclinations. Buried in the ore of a tough work-ethic requirement for the able-bodied on welfare were the Administration's glittering liberal jewels: 1) a guaranteed annual income eventually set at \$2,400 for a family of four, 2) income supplements for the working poor, and 3) an extension of coverage to all male-headed families, since many states do not extend welfare to such families and thus encourage family breakups. The idea was to replace the fantastically complex welfare payments that varied enormously from state to state with a federally controlled minimum income, both for the working poor and those with no income. In order to qualify, those capable of working were required either to obtain job training or employment if available. When Moynihan departed for Harvard in early 1971, the proposal lost its architect and articulator.

More recently, it has been ably supported by the current HEW Secretary, Elliot Richardson, and by the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Wilbur Mills, who put it at the top of the House agenda in 1971. But the opposition—both right and left—was just as determined. On the right, Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, filibustered the House bill through the latter part of 1971 and 1972. This summer Long's committee added some stiff work provisions that would have required 1.2 million recipients to accept federally guaranteed, low-paying jobs.

Once changed by the conservative Finance Committee, the bill faced strenuous opposition on the left from the more liberal Senators. It was clear that the Administration would have to be willing to accept a compromise. One promising proposal came from Connecticut Democratic Senator Abraham Ribicoff. The "Ribicoff-Administration" measure, as the Senator called it, set the guaranteed annual income for a family of four at \$2,600 and stipulated that it rise automatically with the cost of living. It also stated that no welfare recipient would be required to take a job that paid below the minimum wage.

Where the Administration plan would supplement the income of the working poor on a decreasing scale until earnings for a family of four reached \$4,200 a year, Ribicoff's plan raised the

break-even point below which the poor remained eligible for benefits to \$5,053. But before he had even finished arguing his position in the Senate, a courier arrived with a press release saying in effect that the White House would not support his version of the bill.

The sticking point was Nixon himself. Although Richardson was willing to compromise, the President was not. He argued that the White House version of the legislation already "stretches the budget as far as it can be stretched." Furthermore, he had McGovern in a corner on the welfare issue, and he was not about to give him breathing room by softening his own position. So he stood firm, knowing full well he was sealing the fate of his own "priority" domestic legislation. Said one Congressman: "He preferred a campaign issue to the bill." An Administration executive ruefully agreed: "The President has to share a major part of the blame."

Instead a bill was approved that provides for a two-to-four-year "test" of three different reform schemes, but without any "trigger" mechanism to put the one that works best into effect nationwide. The welfare "mess" thus perpetuated, the Senate moved on to pass an \$18.5 billion welfare and Social Security bill. If signed into law by Nixon, the measure will increase Social Security taxes by 8%, expand both the number of people and services covered by Medicare, and permit older workers to earn almost twice as much—\$3,000, compared with the present \$1,680—without loss of Social Security cash benefits.

THE CONGRESS

Nader's Bird Watchers

Attacking the U.S. Congress is a venerable enterprise. Back in 1906 David Graham Phillips wrote a series of savage attacks titled *The Treason of the Senate*. The series was so outrageous and inaccurate that it inspired President Theodore Roosevelt to decry it as "muckraking", thus another word entered the American vernacular. But as bad as Phillips' articles were they played a major role in bringing about the constitutional amendment that provided for the popular election of Senators.

Whether Ralph Nader's much heralded study of the Congress will accomplish similar and much needed congressional overhauls remains to be seen, but the first segment of the study, published last week as a \$1.95 paperback titled *Who Runs Congress* (Bantam Books), bears a distressing resemblance in its tone and quality of research to Phillips' tirade. The tract revels in recounting every instance of bribery, influence peddling and even criminality in the congressional history books, but it is neither explicit nor persuasive in presenting its view of the problems that short-circuit congressional progress.



NADER AT PRESS CONFERENCE ON REPORT
A resemblance to muckraking.

Nearly everything but Nader's intent is wrong about this book, the first of several to come out of the study (the next: profiles of every Senator and Congressman). It is tendentious, hostile and superficial, and contains nary a footnote to indicate its sources. Hastily edited, the book is flawed by a number of factual errors and incorrect data. Examples: the book refers to "former Congressman Clem Long"; presumably Maryland Democratic Congressman Clarence Long. It cites Missouri Congressman Richard Bolling for putting his wife on the congressional payroll, she works in his office but is an unpaid volunteer. Senator Mike Mansfield, the book says, served in the House until 1955 (wrong); it adds that he was elected to the Senate in 1952 (right).

Nader stoutly defends the project, on which he has spent \$200,000 and employed 1,000 paid writers and volunteers. His hope is that the effort will spur Congress to hold a special session next year specifically devoted to its own reform. Congress, he says accurately enough, has abdicated its constitutional power to the Executive Branch, and the process is quickening at a "geometric rate." He asserts that the U.S. is in the throes of a "devolution of the three-part system of Government" as a consequence. He admits that it will be hard to rally wide public support for his latest crusade: "We do not have to get 200 million people interested in Congress," he says. "But perhaps we can make Congress as interesting as bird watching." When a wisecracking reporter asked him how many bird watchers there are, Nader answered, "Roughly 400,000," he said. It was a too facile riposte: The number of dedicated bird watchers in the U.S. is generally estimated to be at least 3,000,000.

The Saboteurs of Swim

Nobody got very excited when Paul Raymond Juhala wrote a letter to the President last year bitterly complaining that he had been turned down for a loan from the Farmers Home Administration; the complaint was rather routine. Then Juhala escalated. Last March he sent a second hostile letter to Nixon, this time demanding \$2,000,000 in exchange for certain information about bombs at Air Force bases. Federal agents grew more interested and began to investigate him. He was committed for a short time to a mental hospital in Michigan. When a bomb went off at Kincheloe Air Force Base in Michigan last month, the feds decided that Juhala was just as dangerous as he said he was.

Juhala, in fact, admitted that he had set off the bomb. Arrested for destroying Government property, he also owned up to another piece of sabotage. At his direction the Air Force and local authorities drained an 800,000-gal. storage tank on the fuel farm at K. J. Sawyer base in Michigan. Security men found 20 sticks of dynamite just where Juhala had indicated. Had it gone off in the tank, it would have ignited a death-dealing fireball half a mile in diameter.

Worried. Juhala's bizarre attempts at sabotage are the latest in a series of attacks on Air Force bases in the U.S. that have authorities puzzled and worried. Saboteurs first struck last May when they cut the electrical conduits and hydraulic lines of three C-130 Lockheed Hercules transports at Willow Grove Naval Air Station, Pa. It took 3,000 man-hours to repair the aircraft at a cost of \$50,000.

In July, the same kind of damage was done to a pair of F-111 fighter-bombers at Nellis Air Force Base, Nev. The sabotage was discovered when a preflight electronic check-out indicated trouble. Then, in August, four RF-4 Phantom jets at Bergstrom Air Force Base, Texas, were more ineptly sabotaged. Electrical plugs under the cockpit instrument panels were pulled out—a fact that was instantly perceived when the panel lights failed to go on.

No great damage has been done to date, and no one has been hurt. While the Air Force has tightened security at its bases, it is still reluctant to say that these isolated acts add up to a trend. From all appearances, Juhala was acting alone in Michigan, taking private revenge for fancied governmental insults. The motive in the case of the other acts of sabotage remains a mystery. A Weatherman type group called Citizens Committee to Interdict War Materials (CCCIWM, pronounced Swim) claims responsibility for the damage and has been duly infiltrated by volunteers working for the feds. But it has not yet written to the President to explain itself.

Is Nobody Indignant Any More?

EVEN allowing for the partisan scandal mongering in which all candidates traffic, the nation's political air seems especially contaminated this year—thick with the taint of special favors, dirty money, interparty espionage, intimations of official power in the service of corporate friends. Nothing has yet been proved exactly, but the cloud hangs over Washington like an inversion. When Martha Mitchell fled to New York, taking her husband with her, she spoke a bit Delphically about "all those dirty things that go on." Democratic polemicists suggest that the capital was not nearly so dirty until John Mitchell and Richard Nixon arrived.

The series of revelations has been remarkable. It began surfacing in the public consciousness with the contributions of dairy farmers to Nixon's campaign fund and their good luck with price rulings in the Department of Agriculture. Then came, among other items, the ITT affair and the Watergate bugging. Nothing here but us chickens, the White House insists, all locked up behind the high fences of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, running from case to case with explanations of coincidence and business as usual. Sarah McClelland, the redoubtable journalist with the foghorn voice, lobbed one into Nixon's cool and respectable press conference last week, and for a moment the President seemed to have been hit with a brick. Why didn't he "make a clean breast" and explain the Watergate case? she bellowed. Nixon, taking a few seconds to recover, calmly answered that the case was being investigated and legal niceties required that he not comment. But the question lingered. Is it believable that the President of the United States really does not know what his own people were doing? Not very.

What baffles many people who have witnessed similar episodes is why the nation is not up in arms over what may be the first documented case of political espionage in our history. Why is there no public reaction to the general aura of "the deal," as Senator Adlai Stevenson III describes it? Where is indignation? Where is the visceral sense that some fundamental arrangement of the society, some deeper human contracts or standards have been abused?

Maybe, say the experts, McGovern's frontal assault on the scandals will touch a well of slumbering outrage. But his stridency contains its own backlash. His charge that the Nixon Administration is the most corrupt in the Republic's history is dubious. But something is iridescently wrong there. This Administration's record will, one suspects, find its historical place in the rather short line of federal manipulation and political skulduggery, big and small, that

burgeoned with Ulysses Grant. The gold, whisky and railroad manipulations in the unsuspecting Grant's time besmirched his reputation for a century and altered the politics of the day. Teapot Dome, which blew up after the death of Warren Harding, became a textbook case in every hamlet in America. The deepfreezes and minks of Harry Truman's day caused his popularity to plummet to bedrock. And when Bernard Goldfine's rug was found in the living room of Sherman Adams, the White House Iron Man of Dwight Eisenhower's Administration, the national



CARTOON OF TEAPOT DOME SCANDAL (1924)

outrage reached such a pitch that Adams resigned in something like disgrace. Nixon himself was almost cast off the 1952 Republican ticket because of an \$18,000 campaign fund, and Lyndon Johnson was shadowed for a time by the Bobby Baker scandals.

The current Washington incidents, of course, are not fully comparable with all these cases. The Watergate caper is a murky and complex fight among politicians with which few citizens can identify. As for the wheat deal, the \$10 million fund for Nixon's re-election that his committee refuses to open for account, ITT and the rest—there are as yet no proven law violations.

Whatever one may call the whole business there is vast indifference about it all. Indignation has been lost, says Columnist Joseph Kraft, in a disillusion with people in high places. Kraft quotes a man who says, "To most people [Government corruption is] just one bunch of thieves robbing another bunch of thieves." The Chicago Daily News's Pe-

ter Lisagor finds people's moral outrage so depleted after a decade of assault from duplicity about Viet Nam to tax loopholes that it cannot get aroused over a little electronic eavesdropping, or the windfall of a few millions to corporate friends of the Administration. Eight Washington Post reporters tramping throughout the country in search of the elusive national mood discovered the Watergate bugging incident buried beneath other concerns. "Each of us," wrote Haynes Johnson, "could go literally for days of interviewing voters without hearing a single voter voluntarily bring up the Watergate issue."

Richard Nixon and his White House have managed to stand above it all, exonerated by a vast majority of the American people. McGovern is running against President Nixon, not against ITT or Continental Grain or Maurice Stans and his overstuffed safe. The American people, for all their wariness, still separate the presidency from the events below. They do not want it to falter or be demeaned even though the men in office arrive there by the questionable trade of politics. All politicians, most people understand, can survive only on vast sums in campaign contributions, sometimes degradingly solicited. So while the sour odors of the Watergate continue to leak out around the edges of the White House, the façade of Richard Nixon stands in the long line of presidential legend, tarnished a bit, but not crumbling. Besides, Americans think of Nixon as a sort of quintessential square, a Billy Graham parishioner. They find it difficult to think that he would try to profit by a fast shuffle.

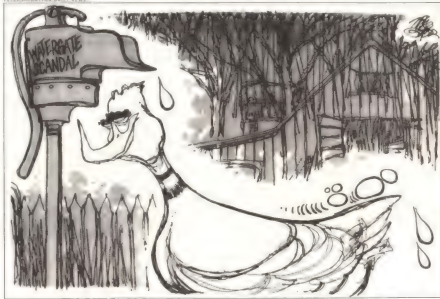
The real issue, of course, is not private venality but a certain easy readiness to put elective power to work for corporate friends. It often has to do less with specific skulduggery than with psychology and atmosphere, a bonhomie of mutual back-scratching. None of this is readily identified or condemned. The public does not seem to be in a damning mood. Here the anger at the press and TV enters the picture. Too long have the messengers brought the bad news. People do not want to listen to it, let alone get sore about it. Daniel Yankelovich, TIME's public opinion sampler, came up with the astounding finding that 75% of the voters of 16 states were "sick and tired" of the constant running down of the nation. A plague on the messengers, never mind the facts.

Some social theorists have in unsuspecting ways foreshadowed the national mood. Last year Potomac Associates of Washington produced a thin blue book on the *Hopes and Fears of the American People*. One conclusion: "The American people are clearly troubled about the state of their country...[They see] failure of our traditional way of doing things and inadequacy of national leadership...Yet the American people display a sense of accomplishment in terms of their personal aspirations and look forward to continuing progress in

the years ahead." There was, then, an inclination for people to turn dramatically inward, where they could contemplate with pleasure their personal achievements and shut out the confusion and growing complexity of national concerns. More recent is Vance Packard's work, *A Nation of Strangers*, which finds that our rootlessness has reduced trust, encouraged irresponsibility and increased indifference toward wrongdoing.

Resignation and indifference become more general. Pollster Louis Harris reports the public skeptical not only about politicians but also about the entire Establishment and the quality of an American way of life that has produced shoddy automobiles and botulism in soup cans. Ralph Nader and others in the consumer movement have insti-

PETER-GRATION PHOTOGRAPH



RECENT VIEW OF NIXON DUCKING THE WATERGATE ISSUE

tutionalized indignation in recent years, with sometimes remarkable success. But somehow the very act of turning this emotion into a movement has taken some of the edge off it.

It may be that indignation is a cyclical thing, rising and receding as part of the nation's larger psychology. Former Illinois Senator Paul Douglas took a generally optimistic view. "My own conclusion," he wrote in *Ethics in Government*, "is that there has been an appreciable longtime improvement in the level of political morals." But he added: "Occasionally, there are relapses and these generally come in the wake of great wars." Thus the muckraking era before World War I brought a tide of indignation, which seemed to collapse in the '20s, perhaps because Prohibition, along with the backwash of war, promoted a certain national cynicism.

Viet Nam may have had a similar effect. Indignation tends to vanish when a people no longer finds itself capable

of surprise. My Lai and Kent State stirred plenty of outrage; yet in perhaps a majority of Americans there was a kind of resignation, even a truculent defensiveness: "What do you expect?" When violence or corruption is widespread instead of exceptional, the gorge will not always rise to the occasion. How many Americans were outraged by revelations that Air Force General John D. Lavelle ordered bombing raids over North Viet Nam in apparent contradiction of orders and stated U.S. policy? Last week the Senate Armed Services Committee merely denied Lavelle one of the extra stars (the Air Force took away another) he would have had on retirement, sending him off with his \$27,000-a-year pension.

Most thoughtful men who have lived with the vagaries of public opin-

ion offer large qualifiers for every conclusion. Maybe indignation lurks in some new place and in some new forum. Perhaps in some strange way the absence of outrage signals a slightly weary realism about how politics and other enterprises really function—a psychological intersection of public and private moralities, a sense that the men in Washington and their friends are only doing what everyone else does, only bigger and better. A little cheating, after all, is a dreadfully popular habit—from parking tickets to overtime cards to expense accounts. Even some of those quintessential American heroes, the astronauts, turned out to be venal, smuggling their trinkets and stamps aloft to alchemize them into marketable gold. But there is a somewhat depressing loss of innocence in failing to expect more from the nation's public officials. Somewhere in all of this huge indifference, the principle of moral leadership may be sinking without a trace.

■ Hugh Sidey and Lance Morrow

WEST GERMANY

Squaring Off for the Battle of the Decade

AS West Germans celebrated Oktoberfest last week, the country fairly crackled with an excitement and ebullience that went far beyond the enjoyment of *Gemütlichkeit*. On the streets, in restaurants, beer halls, offices and shops from West Berlin to Bavaria, West Germans could be heard engaged in a great, continuing national debate on the election that will be held Nov. 19. The vote, beyond ending a deadlock that has turned their Bundestag into a cockpit of frustration, will amount to nothing less than a referendum on the future of the Federal Republic. It will decide whether West Germany will continue on the three-year-old course set by Chancellor Willy Brandt and his left-of-center Social Democrats—or return to the leadership of the more conservative Christian Democrats who governed West Germany for 20 years after World War II.

Early Vote. The election is also a highly personal contest between two strikingly different men. On the one side is Willy Brandt, 58, the popular, outgoing Chancellor, who comes over on television as "our Willy"—and a statesman besides. He set in motion a whole movement toward *détente* in Europe, with his innovative *Ostpolitik*. If the election were merely a popularity contest or a plebiscite on foreign policy, Brandt would win handily.

On the other side is Rainer Barzel, 48, the leader of the Christian Democratic Union, an able but unpopular politician whose chief problem has been winning trust (see box, next page). Barzel, however, has a deep-running issue: inflation. Prices are rising at the rate of 5.5% per year, a frightening spectacle to Germans who remember the disastrous inflationary days after World War I. Though there is no evidence that Barzel could do better than Brandt at controlling inflation, his party is known for heading the government that produced the *Wirtschaftswunder* (economic miracle) of the 1950s, a period of rapid growth and stable prices.

West Germany's election is a year ahead of schedule, and was called as a last resort to break a paralyzing tie vote in the Bundestag. There, Brandt and his coalition partners, the Free Democrats, led by Walter Scheel, could command only 248 votes—exactly the same number mustered by Barzel and his allies, the Christian Social Union, which flourishes in Bavaria under Franz Josef Strauss. Originally, Brandt had enjoyed a 254-242 margin; the gradual defection of six Bundestag members, however, reduced that to a tie. Brandt, in

consequence, could no longer govern or even get his budget passed. Because the West German constitution made no provision for such a situation, the only way the Chancellor could bring about an election was to call for a vote of confidence—and deliberately arrange to lose it. Barzel did not fail to use the opportunity to depict Brandt as a loser whose policies had been repudiated.

For the opening round of his campaign last week, Brandt boarded a special eight-car maroon train for a whistle-stopping tour through Kassel, the

small medieval towns of Eschwege and Northeim, and on to Hanover and Wiesbaden. He assured listeners in the towns bordering East Germany that "each little step toward peace has helped," and prophesied that within a few years families separated by the frontier would soon be able to visit freely again. "We need all the votes we can get," he told the large and enthusiastic crowds. "Help me, my friends." His audiences responded with a chant: "Willy, Willy, Willy."

Brandt began his campaign in the



WILLY BRANDT WAVING TO CROWDS FROM REAR CAR OF HIS CAMPAIGN TRAIN

Barzel: A Cool, Ambitious Infighter

NO politician in West Germany's postwar history has risen so fast and made so few admirers in the process as Rainer Candidus Barzel. He is almost all a politician should be: intelligent, hard-working, cool under pressure, a first-rate tactician and gifted debater. Yet Barzel suffers from a serious image problem. In voter preference polls, he badly trails the warmer and more personable Brandt, and even rates below some members of his own party. His critics have pinned on him a wide assortment of unlovely epithets: "*aalglatt*" (slippery as an eel), "a well-rehearsed Pharisee," "spontaneous as a robot."

Perhaps the kindest cut is that Barzel's image has been compared with that of both Lyndon Johnson, as a behind-the-scenes manipulator, and Richard Nixon, as an ambitious opportunist. Barzel tells his aides that "the people should look at what I have done, not just at my image." Even so he has been trying to improve that image by toning down his speaking style and trying to

project himself as a thoughtful, issue-oriented leader.

Barzel deserves his reputation as a tough and skillful political infighter. The son of a Prussian schoolmaster, the Christian Democratic leader was elected to the Bundestag in 1957 after a short but highly successful career as a civil servant. He quickly became known as the German counterpart of the U.S.'s Communist-hunting Senator Joe McCarthy, reportedly under the influence of his later political partner, Franz Josef Strauss. Barzel founded an anti-Communist organization called "Save Freedom," whose primary activity was a "red book" that accused 453 West German intellectuals and artists of Communist ties. He also asserted that his party acted under the will of God.

Despite a series of blunders that would have finished off a less resilient politician, Barzel began an irreversible march to the top. In 1963, when an aging Konrad Adenauer finally decided to resign as Chancellor and toyed with the

border towns in part to point up the chief accomplishment of his three-year-old government. As he can justly boast, he has reduced "tension and confrontation" between the two Germanys and between the East and West blocs. By signing treaties with Moscow and Warsaw that renounced Germany's old land claims—and by accepting the division of Germany into what Bonn now refers to as "two states in one nation"—Brandt led the way toward *détente* in Europe. His early initiatives eventually led to a four-power agreement on Berlin, the first direct negotiations between the two Germanys, and an improved climate for an international conference on European security. Between now and November, Brandt and Chief West German Negotiator Egon Bahr hope to reach agreement with the German Democratic Republic on a treaty that will define the relationship between the two states and establish formal con-

tacts. If they succeed, it will be a notable advantage.

Brandt's campaign will blend Social Democratic achievements in foreign policy with a defense of less spectacular domestic efforts. "We made peace more secure; we came closer to the Germans in the G.D.R.," he pointed out in an interview with TIME Correspondent Bruce Nelson last week at the Chancellor's Palais Schaumburg office. "Our policy toward Eastern Europe serves our own national interests as well as the overall efforts of the Western alliance. How could voters possibly trust them [the C.D.U.-C.S.U.] to carry on this foreign policy, trust those who rejected almost everything that Washington, London, Paris and Bonn have tried to accomplish in the field of East-West *détente* these past three years?" Farther afield, Brandt pointed out, "We shall establish diplomatic relations with China this month." Turning to domestic mat-

ters, the Chancellor argued that the C.D.U. was wrong on its major issue of inflation: "The opposition still seems to follow the thinking that a major part of the job can be done in the Federal Republic, while the government has come to the conclusion that the major part has to be done within an integrated Western Europe." In any case, argues Brandt, "our voters know that living conditions are better than three years ago, and they know that Germany enjoys a respected position in the world today."

Brandt is no stranger to close-fought and even dirty campaigns. In 1961 and 1965, while still mayor of West Berlin, he not only ran for Chancellor and lost but was personally smeared in the process. Opponents referred to him as "Herbert Frahm, alias Willy Brandt," an allusion to the fact that he was the illegitimate son of a Lübeck shopgirl and that he later legally changed his name. Brandt—in his youth an active socialist who fled the Nazi regime in 1933 and spent the next twelve years in Scandinavia—was also accused falsely of having fought the Germans as a Norwegian soldier (his wife Rut is Norwegian by birth and a naturalized German).

Double Irony. Curiously enough it is Brandt who has struck one of the nasty blows of the young campaign. Brandt was obviously still rankled by the defections from his coalition that had brought about the parliamentary stalemate. Two weeks ago, he charged repeatedly and publicly that "corruption" was behind the defections, though he offered no evidence beyond his own "subjective conviction." Last week Brandt reiterated the charges in a letter to Bundestag President Kai-Uwe von Hassel, except that he made it clear he was not accusing his opponents of old-fashioned bribery. He wrote: "The term corruption, especially in politics, covers a broad range"—the guarantee of a continued career, of a safe seat at the next election, of power in the Bundestag. To most West Germans, that sounded like politics as usual, but Brandt stubbornly chose to call it "an erosion of political morals."

It was doubly ironic that Barzel, at the beginning of the campaign, should appear as the more restrained of the two candidates. On TV, he abandoned his abrupt and slashing style, and spoke quietly about guiding the country "out of the blind alley into which this coalition government has led us." This week in Wiesbaden, Barzel and other party strategists will gather to draw up a platform that will hammer hard on the Christian Democrats' main—and almost only—issue: inflation.

A powerful ally in Barzel's campaign may be Karl Schiller, Brandt's brilliant but autocratic former Economics Minister, who bolted from the Chancellor's coalition last summer in a dispute over budget cuts and Brandt's insistence that the flow of foreign currencies into Germany be controlled to



RAINER BARZEL AT FULDA AS THE CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN BEGINS

idea of taking the ceremonial post of federal President, Barzel prematurely backed *Der Alte* for the job before the old man had made up his mind (Adenauer never took the presidency). At the same time, Barzel pushed Ludwig Erhard as Chancellor, although Adenauer, who remained party chairman, did not want Erhard to succeed him. In his greatest miscalculation, Barzel backed himself as a Chancellor candidate inside the party in 1966—and finished a poor third in a field of three.

Eventually Barzel got his big opportunity through his party's loss of power. After the C.D.U. was left out of the government in 1969, Barzel picked up the pieces of his shattered party more deftly than anyone else. Last year, after forming an alliance with the conservative Strauss, who commands the party's Bavarian wing, Barzel won an easy victory for party leadership.

Barzel likes modish suits and wears fashionably long sideburns. He does not socialize much, but does like to invite business and professional leaders to his home for wide-ranging discussions. He and Strauss have occasionally amused

their associates by holding heated arguments in Latin.

Barzel is also a fitness enthusiast. He frequently pops into a health club across from the chancellery in Bonn where he takes saunas and lounges nude under sun lamps. He often swims in the pool at the American Embassy Club, rippling the water with a powerful Australian crawl. He lives with his wife Kriemhild in a plain, modern home in neighboring Bad Godesberg. Their daughter Claudia, 23, a philosophy student, is working during the campaign at C.D.U. headquarters.

Barzel takes obvious delight in the cut-and-thrust of political battle; if his audiences are too friendly and attentive, he tends to lose some of his oratorical spark. In contrast to past C.D.U. leaders like Konrad Adenauer, who have been father figures to their countrymen, Barzel is the first to be a member of the under-50 generation—and that may partly explain the unease with which West Germans generally regard him. Barzel's strength lies instead in intelligence, political skill, and a driving—some say consuming—ambition.

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protect the mark. Schiller plans to campaign for the C.D.U.

To charges that his government is responsible for inflation, Brandt replies that prices are rising throughout the Common Market. Barzel insists that West Germany's inflation is home-grown. The issue was most clearly set out by Economics Minister Helmut Schmidt when he declared that 5% inflation is better than 5% unemployment (unemployment in West Germany is now 0.9%). Barzel dismisses that as "not a serious approach to discussion." He argues that the C.D.U. achieved stable prices and full employment simultaneously when it was in power.

Barzel's posters stress the theme "We build progress on stability." So far the C.D.U. leader has not revealed what he would do about inflation, beyond limiting government spending. He instead appears to be relying on the reputation of his party for prudent management. But Barzel's election could conceivably fuel a new round of price

increases, since West Germany's unions, which have been remarkably restrained under Social Democrat Brandt, would feel no obligation to temper their demands if Barzel was in power.

Below the surface issues the contest has an emotional, ideological edge—Barzel blames Brandt's Social Democrats for "permissiveness" and points with well-rehearsed alarm at neo-Marxist members of Jusos (for *Jungsozialisten*), the under-35 wing of Brandt's party. The Jusos have swung so far left that the Chancellor himself recently admonished them for "polemics against the majority opinion of the party."

Barzel hopes to enlarge C.D.U.'s traditional bloc of businessmen, white-collar workers, farmers, women and older voters by suggesting that West Germany, between radicalism and *Ostpolitik*, is edging much too close to socialism. Franz Josef Strauss, a florid speechmaker and political fighter, already warns darkly against what he calls Brandt's "social Communist regime."

Of the two candidates, Brandt is the unspoken favorite of both Washington and Moscow. The U.S. had initial misgivings about Brandt's approaches to the Soviet Union, but is now committed to his *Ostpolitik* and would like to see him carry on. So would the Soviets and East Germans. In a gesture obviously aimed at giving the Chancellor a boost—by pointing up the benefits of *détente*—the East Germans last week began giving "instant" or same-day passes to West Berliners who want to visit the eastern half of the divided city.

Barzel and the Christian Democrats would obviously like to ignore *Ostpolitik* as an issue if they could, and Barzel has made it plain that if he wins, he would not try to reverse Brandt's foreign policy accomplishments. As if to allay any doubts, the opposition leader pledged last week that he did not intend to alter whatever is "legally in force." He even staked a claim for possible *Ostpolitik* of his own: "Those in authority in Moscow, Warsaw and

Limburg Worries About Inflation

Much of the sound and fury of West Germany's election campaign is concentrated in Bonn and the country's bigger cities. Yet it is in the smaller towns and countryside, where 60% of the nation's 60 million people live, that the election will be largely decided. Typical of that quiet majority are the citizens of Limburg on the Lahn, a town of 21,000 in the geographic heartland of West Germany, 40 miles from Frankfurt. Relatively rich, traditionally conservative, proud of its 1,000-year history, Limburg (not to be confused with the province in Holland that is the home of the Limburger cheese) accurately reflects the central theme of the campaign so far: an overriding concern about inflation that has cut deeply into Brandt's lead in personal popularity. Last week TIME's chief European correspondent William Roedelmaier visited Limburg to assay the voters' mood. His report:

A 13th century cathedral, perched on the hillside that in medieval times constituted the entire town, dominates the

skyline of Limburg and, to a degree, the thinking of many of its citizens. Fully 70% of the population is Catholic, most of them regular churchgoers. City fathers chat amiably about the history of the cathedral. But they talk with more passion about the seven banks that have established branches in Limburg—all monuments to the new Germany.

In this election, the burning issue is not *Ostpolitik* but *Stabilität*. The big question is which party can best contribute to the continued stability of the German economy. The citizens of Limburg share the fear of inflation that is a national phobia throughout Germany.

Shoppers pick up soup meat for \$1 per lb. and examine jars of jam that cost \$1.15. They drink their coffee watered-down—because it costs \$2 per lb.—and pass up steaks that run \$3 to \$4 per lb. for an indifferently cut. Even the rich, dark German bread in Limburg goes for an average of 60¢ a loaf. I asked one supermarket customer how he would vote on Nov. 19. "I am not yet sure," he replied. "I won't tell you what party I belong to, but I will say that I'm not sure I trust Barzel. I trust Brandt, but I'm not sure about his party. If he's not careful, he could be leading us to another Weimar."

The dark comparison between the current inflationary trend and the days of Germany's post-World War I Weimar Republic, when inflation helped bring Hitler to power, was echoed several times. Said Joseph Kohlmaier, mayor of Limburg: "People here are generally pleased with the foreign policy of Willy Brandt, but there is also the feeling that the success in foreign policy has come at the expense of domestic programs. The Christian Democrats, in the minds of most people, stand for no inflation, even if it means a certain dampening of the job market."

Apart from the headline issues, Limburg may be swayed by a deep feeling that much recent change has been for the worse. Its citizens feel ignored by Bonn and worry about their loss of community identity and the departure of their children to the big cities. "The youth won't have anything to do with the church," says Mayor Kohlmaier, "and this could mean a different electorate in a few years." For now, however, a number of Christian Democratic voters seem to be loyal to the party just because of the word Christian in its title.

If the citizens of Limburg vote the way they have in the past, they will give the Christian Democrats a small majority in November. "I see more of the same," Mayor Kohlmaier said. "Neither party will get a clear majority. There will have to be another coalition, and it will be tight again. And we may have to have another election soon. Like Weimar."

SHOPPERS IN LIMBURG LOOK FOR BARGAINS





Photographed in the press gallery after a typical session.

What sets did the press bring to Miami Beach?

If anyone ever needed a bright, sharp color TV picture, it was the newsmen covering the political conventions.

A picture so sharp, they could make out who that was, at the center of all the attention, in the V.I.P. Box.

A set so reliable, it wouldn't conk out in the middle of a crucial roll call.

In short, a Sony Trinitron. The news media brought more Sony TV's to the conventions than all other makes put together.

We know because we

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could have had any TV in the world? It must be our bright, sharp, reliable Trinitron picture. No one else has the same picture, because no one else has our Trinitron all-solid-state system.

Did you know it now comes in 9, 12, 15, and 17-inch-diagonal screen sizes?

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SONY Ask anyone.

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The solid
mid-size
car.

Smooth
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strong
and quiet because
it's a Ford.



SMOOTH RIDING, STRONG.

Rear suspension includes
two control arms
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for a smooth, stable ride.

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Ford's famous quiet
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You'll feel greater confidence on the road, too, because the 1973 Torino combines a welded body with a heavy 5 cross-member frame. This type of strong "double" construction gives Torino the solid feel of durability.

Torino's strong body/frame design and computer-tuned rubber mounts eliminate metal to metal contact to reduce noise. Torino. Well designed. Well put together. And quiet, because it's a Ford.

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AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND OF PROOF.

East Berlin," he said, "would talk to us if it were in their interest."

The great fear on both sides is that the election might wind up in a draw—leaving the parties right back where they started. Early polls give the Socialists from 46% to 49% of the vote, not enough for them to govern again without the Free Democrats—whose support ranges from 5% to 7%—but enough to restore Brandt's coalition to power. The polls, however, were taken before Brandt's no-confidence vote. At least 15% of the electorate is estimated to be uncommitted. Among them are some of the 2,000,000 or so 18- to 21-year-olds who in West Germany, as in the U.S., will be voting this fall for the first time. The campaign promises to be so closely fought that a single stumble by either Chancellor or challenger could easily determine who speaks for West Germany for the next four years and possibly for the rest of the decade.

intellectual and introvert, and he may have grown weary of the splits within his party and continuous pressure from the left wing. If anything, early success—he became a Cabinet minister at 33 and was Prime Minister for eight of the past ten years—helped to dampen his political appetite. He once told friends: "I got into this too young." Last week he added: "Twenty-five years in various ministerial posts should be enough. The time I have used talking to newsmen I will now use for reading."

Krag also had shrewdly chosen the path of political discretion. A large turnout of voters (nearly 90% of those eligible) resoundingly approved Krag's Common Market policy by 1,957,959 to 1,135,451, evidently agreeing with him that Denmark had no choice but to follow its best customer, Britain, into the European Economic Community. But Krag's triumph was tempered by the fact that almost half of the no votes

11, was equally unenthusiastic. Asked by his grandmother how he felt about his father taking the new job, Lars, perhaps speaking for the prevailing age youth, shrugged. "Hell, I don't care."

BRITAIN

The Girl Gangs

They can be amiable and unassuming by day, indistinguishable from other British teen-age girls. But at night they become birds of prey. Sometimes silently, sometimes shrieking, they swoop down in groups on unsuspecting victims in dark streets, at lonely bus stops and in deserted toilets. Kicking, biting, scratching, punching, they reduce the victim—usually another female—to hysteria and then disappear, stealing perhaps only a few pence. To Londoners, they are known as the bopper (cockney for bother, which in turn means fight) birds, the newest and in some ways the eeriest street gangs since the Teddy boys terrorized London in the '50s.

London police currently count some 30 gangs of bopper birds, including a quartet that attacked a 55-year-old baker walking home in south London last July. "It was suddenly like having banishes wailing in my ear," the baker recounted. "They kept screaming while two of them took my arms and one jabbed my back with what felt like a knife blade. They made me kneel down with the side of my face against the pavement, and they took everything I had. Then one of them took her foot and crushed my head against the pavement."

Muggings Up. In a more recent case, two teen-agers viciously kicked and beat up a 22-year-old girl in a toilet during a football game. Last month three bopper birds were sentenced to up to two years each in reform school for pulling a 25-year-old schoolteacher to the ground at a west London bus stop and kicking her until her face was covered with blood. "The girls are even tougher than the boys," said one judge at Old Bailey last week. "It was once assumed that if a man and a woman committed a crime, the woman was under the domination of the man. I think that's now rubbish from what I've seen."

The growth of the girl gangs has paralleled an alarming rise in muggings that began last year. In the first six months of 1972, muggings in the most heavily populated areas of London were up by as much as 70%, and Scotland Yard recently established two special plainclothes squads to combat the trend.

The female teeny-bashers are harder to catch than their male counterparts. They are seldom seen swaggering, boasting or clustering in gangs, and they affect no distinctive style of dress or appearance. Male criminals generally are products of the poorer sections of London, but some of the bopper birds come from such tony neighborhoods as Ken-



JENS OTTO KRAG (LEFT) & NEW PRIME MINISTER ANKER JØRGENSEN

DENMARK

Swing to the Left

As Danes voted last week in favor of joining the European Common Market, they little guessed that they were also ensuring a change in the country's leadership. Jens Otto Krag, 58, had campaigned long and ardently for a yes vote, and now chose the moment of victory as "a good occasion to step down." In his place as Prime Minister, the Social Democratic Party confirmed Krag's personal choice: Anker Henrik Jørgensen, 50, plump and goateed president of the 250,000-member Unskilled Workers' Union, Denmark's largest.

Krag kept his resignation a secret until the end of the Prime Minister's traditional state of the nation speech with which he opened the Folketing, or Parliament, last week. He would have stayed on to weather the political storm if the Danes had voted against membership in the Common Market, he said later. But now his sudden announcement caught his countrymen by surprise, though some intimates had detected signs of disenchantment in recent months. Krag, who is married to pretty Actress Helle Virkner, is essentially an

came from traditional supporters of his Social Democratic Party. They included many trade unionists who feared that tiny Denmark (pop. 5,000,000) would have too little influence on the EEC bureaucracy. Krag would have faced a difficult task in healing his party's wounds. As a graduate in economics, he has earned the respect but never the full trust that the average Danish working-man reserves for a fellow worker.

By that measure, Anker Jørgensen enjoys abundant support. Jørgensen was orphaned at the age of four and grew up in poverty. He worked as a messenger boy and as an unskilled shipyard and factory worker; later he became a spokesman for warehouse workers and a union leader. A member of the Folketing since 1964, Jørgensen has never held a Cabinet post. But his proletarian background should calm the worries of Danish workers and Socialists over the EEC vote, which he supported.

Jørgensen may find that those least impressed with his unexpected eminence are at home in his four-room flat. When Jørgensen was sounded out on the prime ministership, he sought the advice of his wife Ingrid. Her reply: "I don't think you ought to, Anker. If you ask me, we're happy as it is." Son Lars,



DARK FOOTBRIDGE IN LONDON

In such haunts and disguises, birds of prey go bump, bash and grab in the night.



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sington, Knightsbridge and Chelsea.

One recent mugging was carried out by a girl who had a good job as a secretary, a company director; her father is an executive and she lives in the family's \$65,000 house and has her own car and a horse. Another female mugger is Brenda F., 17, who comes from a middle-class London family. Brenda got her start in violent crime earlier this year by acting as a decoy prostitute for her boy friend's gang. After the first mugging, she carefully put her share of the booty—\$97c—into a locked chest in her bedroom at home, next to her old dolls and the gear of her new trade: a wig, tennis shoes and a half-face mask. Then, as she told *TIME* Correspondent William McWhirter last week, she "just got fed up following the boys." So she branched out on her own, leading three girl friends in the mugging of an old woman, which she cheerfully calls "granny bashing."

Brenda is typical of the bovver birds. "They seem very unmoved by it all, very detached," says a probation officer. "Many of their attacks are for pure game, mostly done on the spur of the moment." Says Trevor Gibbens, forensic psychiatrist at the University of London and the author of several research studies of girl offenders: "Girls who used to grow up in relatively sheltered homes now freely roam the streets just like the boys have always done. It is a natural result that, in becoming equal, they have become equal in all areas, including violence."

The girls are also a considerable bother to London police, who have had difficulty in spotting the gangs before they commit a crime and communicating with the relatively few who are caught. "It's like talking to someone of another race," says one officer. "We don't really know when to yell at them,

threaten or go gently. We just don't know much, that's all." The fear among some policemen is that the bovver birds, more adept at disguise than male street gangs, and appearing less threatening, will eventually become more proficient than men in the way of violent crime.

UGANDA

Purges and Peace Talks

"I have very accurate information," declared Ugandan Dictator Idi Amin Dada last week, as he proceeded to rattle off a lengthy list of potential invaders. They included neighboring Tanzania, Britain, Israel, Zambia, India, Rwanda, Sudan, "some countries in NATO," plus "two other countries"—one of them presumably China—all conspiring with Algeria, Czechoslovakia, Cuba, Malawi and Guyana. But Ugandans should not worry, Amin added, because "the Uganda armed forces are prepared to deal with the threat," and he was in direct command.

The Ugandan army under Amin's command was in fact the biggest threat facing Ugandans last week. The army, now dominated by his own West Nile group of Moslem tribes, had already massacred thousands of Lango and Acholi tribesmen after Amin's overthrow of President Milton Obote in 1971. Since last month's brief battle with invading Ugandan exiles from Tanzania, the army has turned on the Baganda, the country's largest tribe. Military police have made wholesale arrests, including Benedicto Kiwanuka, the Chief Justice of Uganda who was also the Baganda's most revered leader. Also arrested were the head of Makerere University and the president of the National Students Union.

At the same time, the flight of Uganda's Asians continued. Suspecting that some were not abiding by the deadline he had given them of 48 hours between the time they got their exit papers and the moment they left the country, Amin ordered a house-to-house search for Asians. By last week some 14,000 had left for England, India and Canada (the U.S. also announced that it would admit 1,000 refugees). But according to the private calculations of Uganda's police, an average of five Asians a day were being shot by soldiers, mostly at roadblocks.

Last week Uganda's neighbors, who have been alarmed by Amin's policies, stepped up efforts to keep peace in the area. Zaire's President Mobutu Sese Seko visited Kampala, and was presented by Amin with the Order of the Source of the Nile, Uganda's highest medal. The two leaders even agreed to rename Lake Albert and Lake Edward, which lie on the border of Zaire and Uganda and will henceforth be known, respectively, as Mobutu Sese Seko Lake and Idi Amin Dada Lake. More important, Mobutu seemingly won Amin's agreement to extend the Nov. 8 deadline for the departure of the estimated 50,000 Asians holding British citizenship and to attend a peace conference to reduce tensions that have arisen with neighboring Rwanda.

But no sooner had Mobutu left the country than Amin reneged. He would not be able to attend the conference, he said, because he was "busy commanding the armed forces." As for extending the deadline, he denied that he had ever promised to do so. "I continue to believe, until proved wrong," said Mobutu generously in Kinshasa, "that in Kampala I had talks with a real, conscientious and honest statesman. I would be very disappointed if the facts

AMIN IN KAMPALA



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THE WORLD

should prove the contrary." Late last week, however, Amin sent U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim a message saying that the Asians would be allowed to keep their possessions and would not be mistreated if they did not meet the deadline.

Diplomatic efforts to resolve Uganda's conflict with Tanzania fared somewhat better. Amin finally agreed to send Foreign Minister Wanume Kibedi to a Somalia-sponsored peace conference in Mogadishu, where Tanzanian Foreign Minister John Malacela had been waiting. At week's end, the two ministers issued a joint communiqué saying that an agreement had been reached.

Meantime, TIME Correspondent John Blashill learned in Nairobi last week that Amin has had invasion plans of his own—against Tanzania—and may still be entertaining such notions. Amin's ostensible aim would be to obtain an outlet to the sea for his landlocked country, and the port he has long had in mind is Tanga, near the northern Tanzanian border with Kenya.

According to Israeli Ambassador to Kenya Reuven Dafni, Amin canvassed such a plan in Israel and asked for Phantoms, Skyhawks and speedboats (to transport his army across Lake Victoria) and for Israeli staff officers to draw up detailed invasion plans. The Israelis refused, because they did not wish to get involved and because Amin already owed them a great deal of money. (Amin subsequently kicked all Israeli military advisers and civilians out of Uganda.) A similar request to Britain also proved futile.

There are two indications that suggest Amin may still be planning such an invasion. In a recent speech he attacked Africa's existing national boundaries as unrealistic and unjust legacies of the colonialist powers. He has also reportedly tried to place an order with France for 30 armored cars and have Libya pay for them. An invasion of that kind is both unthinkable and impossible. It would bring down the wrath of Black Africa on his head, and the wrath would be reinforced by troops and arms. Besides, Amin's 12,000-man army is simply not big enough to hold a strip of land 600 miles long.

EGYPT

Straight Talk from Sadat

One of the continuing puzzles of the Middle East has been why Egypt's President Anwar Sadat suddenly expelled his Soviet military advisers last summer—and why they left in such haste. Last week, in an interview that appeared in the Beirut magazine *al Hawadess* ("Events"), Sadat provided a rare insight into that historic moment: "I told the Russians that they must end their military presence in Egypt before the morning of July 18. As to the equipment and installations, I said: 'Sell them

or take them with you.'" The Soviets managed to meet the deadline with 20 hours to spare but, as Sadat said, "There is no doubt that they must have been upset."

In a three-hour interview in Cairo with *al Hawadess* Editor-Publisher Samim Louzi, Sadat described with unusual frankness the reasoning behind his sudden decision. He had decided that another war with Israel was inevitable and that "the Russian military presence would render a big strategic service to Israel when the battle begins. Israel would then say that it was fighting the Russians, not the Arabs, and would thus win over the Americans and even European public opinion. This meant that the Russians had become a burden on us."

Beyond that, Sadat was certain that the Russians did not intend to let Egypt

had got such a plane. Sadat intimated, the Middle East would be hotter now than it is. "I would not have allowed Israel to commit its aggression in southern Lebanon as it did recently."

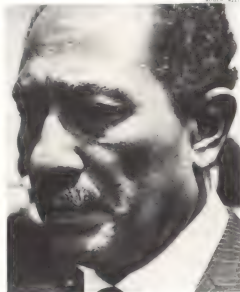
Other weapons on Sadat's shopping list were tanks ("It is not logical that we cross the desert on rubber tires"), torpedo boats and electronic equipment. Since the Russians refused to supply Egypt with these items, Sadat said, the new strategy was for Egypt to manufacture them. "We must possess the arms factories so my will may not be dictated by friends or non-friends."

Sadat let slip some rare criticism of his predecessor, Gamal Abdel Nasser. The Egyptian army had not been properly trained under Nasser to fight an offensive war, Sadat declared—and it had also become too political. "The Egyptian army should have been converted

to a fighting army after the 1956 Suez war," Sadat told *al Hawadess*. Egypt at that point had suffered a military setback, "but we turned it into a political victory" (when President Eisenhower forced Britain, France and Israel to desist in their combined attack on Egypt). Nothing was done about improving the Egyptian army's fighting ability. For that, Sadat blamed Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, the commander who committed suicide after his troops were defeated again in 1967. Egypt's Revolutionary Council had tried to force Amer out in 1961, Sadat indicated, but Nasser allowed Amer to remain at the army's head because the two men were close friends. "I knew there had been mistakes—and grave ones at that," said Sadat of that era, "but I could not renounce Abdel Nasser."

Nasser also had difficulty getting weapons from the Soviets, Sadat revealed. On his last visit to Moscow before his death two years ago, he attempted to persuade them to improve Egypt's offensive capability. Nasser returned to Cairo to report that the situation was "a hopeless case." He even used the English words, recalled Sadat: there was nothing in Arabic to sum up his frustration so succinctly.

Though professing himself prepared to fight, Sadat declared that he was ready to make peace, so long as it is accomplished under terms laid down by the United Nations. Washington recently inquired about the possibility of peace, he said, and he had told the Americans that "I am ready to talk with you, but not via those through whom you are fighting us. I am not ready for direct negotiation with Israel." That was something of an improvement since last year Sadat was refusing even to talk to Washington about the Middle East.



EGYPT'S PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT
Rare criticisms of Gamal Abdel Nasser.

fight. Instead they were pressing the Arabs to accept a peace settlement. "Another point I wanted to make in removing the Russian military presence in Egypt was to make the leaders of the Kremlin understand that their strategy in the area cannot be fulfilled at our expense."

Sadat said there were four specific items of offensive weaponry that he had sought from the Soviet Union unsuccessfully. One was fighter-bombers "to enable us to strike in depth when Israel strikes at us in depth, and so we may not have to resort to kamikaze operations." Sadat had wanted the MIG-23, the hottest new airplane in the Soviet air force. "We have tested the MIG-23 here in Egypt," he told *al Hawadess*. "It flew more than once deep into Israel and took photographs. It has been proved that neither the Phantom nor the American-made missiles can reach the altitude of the MIG-23." If Egypt



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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

The Rogers-Go-Round

By tradition the U.S. Secretary of State tries to meet with as many foreign ministers as he can during the opening weeks of the U.N. General Assembly. But the U.N. has grown so rapidly in recent years that what was once routine diplomacy has now become a kind of diplomatic marathon. By the end of this week, Secretary of State William Rogers—hoarse of voice and red of eye—will have spent eleven days in New York; in that time, he will have held bilateral discussions with no fewer than 66 foreign ministers or their deputies, a heavier schedule than that of any other diplomat.

Fortunately, an unstated but strict protocol helps ease Rogers' schedule, which is arranged according to the importance which the U.S. attaches to

Moving to Hanoi

When India announced in January that it was upgrading its diplomatic relations with North Viet Nam from consular to ambassadorial level, without doing as much for South Viet Nam, Saigon vented its anger on the International Control Commission.* The new Indian head of the ICC, Dr. L.N. Ray, was barred by the Thieu regime from entering the country, and all Indian members of the commission were advised that their visas would not be renewed as of Sept. 30.

Two weeks ago, the commission met in Saigon and voted unanimously to transfer the headquarters of its chairman and secretary-general back to Hanoi, where the commission was based in 1954-58 (15 Canadians and 18 Poles will remain in Saigon). The move is expected to have little effect on the virtually dormant ICC.

Despite Saigon's public outrage over the matter, a number of key South Vietnamese officials, who have never much relished the ICC's presence, were pleased that India had provided a pretext for what they see as a downgrading of the commission. New Delhi, meantime, still has not named an ambassador to Hanoi. Shrugging off charges that the upgrading of relations with North Viet Nam may compromise India's neutrality on the ICC, a government spokesman in New Delhi last week declared: "We have firm ideas of what happens to be in our national interest. Saigon hasn't got the stuffing to last."

Restraint on Request?

Shortly after last month's massacre of Israeli athletes in Munich, Premier Golda Meir angrily announced a "far-flung" war against Arab terrorists. But after a bloody raid inside neighboring Lebanon—in which some 200 Arabs were killed—the Israelis have been unusually restrained. The reason, according to some well-placed Israelis two weeks ago a White House aide—in a direct call to Mrs. Meir—asked Jerusalem to refrain from disturbing the peace for the immediate future. The same message was passed to Israel's Washington embassy, which was told that Lebanon needed at least a month or so to contain the fedayeen. That could have the effect of restraining Israel until after the presidential elections.

White House officials deny that the election had anything to do with U.S. calls for moderation in the Middle East. Besides, they note, Israeli politicians might leak such a story for their own political purposes. By suggesting U.S. pressures now, the Israelis could be indicating U.S. support and close coordination with Washington.

*The commission, composed of Poland, Canada and India, was set up under the 1954 Geneva accord to supervise the cease-fire in Viet Nam—an agreement that is still legally in force, if only observed in the breach.

Phony War

The rapprochement between Tokyo and Peking two weeks ago was greeted in Taipei with a show of splendid indignation. It meant, thundered the *China News*, nothing less than a return to a state of war between the Republic of China and the Empire of Japan. In recognizing the government on mainland China, the argument went, Japan had to break diplomatic ties with Taiwan and abrogate their 1952 peace treaty, leaving relations between the two countries right back where they were before that year—in a state of war.

It was of course a phony war, even though some Japanese diplomats received threatening telephone calls, Taipei students burned a portrait of Japanese Premier Kakuei Tanaka, and in one city, protesting doctors symbolically burned Japanese pharmaceuticals. The Taiwan Foreign Ministry prudent-



ROGERS WITH CHIAO KUAN-HUA
Big enough for dinner.

each foreign minister's country. Thus, in the first bilateral sessions held between U.S. and Chinese diplomats since President Nixon made his journey to Peking, China's Deputy Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua dined in Rogers' private apartment last week (and discussed broadening trade and cultural ties). Rogers also dined with Russian Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and lunched with his close friend, Britain's Sir Alec Douglas-Home, and with France's Maurice Schumann.

Less important dignitaries rate sessions without meals in Rogers' elegant white-and-gold official suite at the Waldorf Towers. Even time is parceled out in accordance with a country's standing in U.S. eyes. Representatives of the most privileged nations, or of those with the most pressing problems, receive up to an hour with Rogers, while others get anywhere from a half-hour to 15 minutes.



TAIPEI STUDENTS WITH TANAKA POSTER
Symbolic protests.

ly concluded that the abrogation of the peace treaty did not automatically restore the state of war, but merely left Taiwan free to act as it chose. The Japanese ambassador in Taipei and Taiwan's man in Tokyo continued to fly their national flags. Consulates still issued visas, but now called them "travel permits." While both sides will eventually withdraw representatives (the Japanese estimate a three-to-six-month phase-out), they will retain strong "unofficial" ties. The reason is simple economics. Taiwan's industry, growing at the healthy rate of 10% a year, takes 39% of its imports from Japan.

But the Japanese know that they cannot continue even unofficial ties with Taiwan indefinitely. Once they begin negotiations with the Communists on a civil air agreement, for instance, they would have a difficult time convincing Peking to allow Japan Air Lines to become the first "two Chinas air line," serving both Taipei and Peking.



BRIGITTE BARDOT



EX-CORPORAL SHOICHI & FIANCEE MIHOKO



What was **John Lennon** doing in **Brigitte Bardot's** hotel room? According to a new skin-deep biography of B.B. by British Writer Peter Evans, the former Beatle once more or less invited himself there. Since Lennon was in an Oriental mood at the time, Brigitte was advised to provide some cushions and sitar music for a bit of transcendental meditation. When all was ready, Lennon appeared at London's May Fair Hotel, took up a yoga position on the floor, and said not a word for half an hour. Brigitte tried to make conversation, but Lennon sharply told her: "Don't ask questions; listen to the sounds, feel the vibes." After more than an hour, Brigitte's stomach sent off a few vibes, so she suggested going out to dinner. Lennon said that he could not move because he felt a religious experience coming on. He promised, however, that while she was supping he would write a song in her honor. "When I got back to the hotel," Brigitte recalled to Evans, "Lennon was asleep on the floor, surrounded by masses of cushions and flowers and empty beer bottles."

Shoichi Yokoi, 57, the Japanese Imperial Army corporal who only last January emerged from his World War II hiding place in the jungle of Guam, found the contemporary world rather unsettling. Modern women, particularly, struck him as "monsters" who "screech like apes." Now, apparently, he has found an old-fashioned girl to marry. **Mihoko Hatashin**, 44, a war widow. Said Mihoko: "We can now communicate with each other by eyes, though we don't talk to each other much." The couple's expected honeymoon site: Guam.

President Nixon is opposed to liberalized abortion laws, and Senator McGovern is somewhat less than an advocate. Whom, then, should a committed feminist support? When challenged at a women's caucus in Manhattan for backing McGovern, Committed Feminist **Gloria Steinem** drew laughter and applause by answering: "If McGovern were a woman and he got pregnant, he would make an honest decision whether or not to have an abortion. If Nixon got pregnant, he'd have an abortion but he'd go around afterward telling everybody that he was still a virgin."

It was a rare occasion that could bring together **Lucille Ball**, **Rowan and Martin**, and **Flip Wilson** as **Geraldine** in a bunny outfit—an anniversary party at the Beverly Hills Hotel in honor of **Johnny Carson's** ten years as host of the *Tonight Show*. After receiving an eleven-tier cake almost twice his height (5 ft. 11 in.), Carson startled his guests by announcing: "A lot of columnists have been asking why me and my gal haven't

set a date for the wedding, so I think I will tell you that we were married at 1:30 this afternoon." With that he kissed his third bride, Actress **Joanna Holland**, 32, then turned and was surprised by a congratulatory buss from **Geraldine**. "I want to give you my best salute," said she.

Half a century ago, according to an Athens piano teacher named **Maria Emmanuel**, **King Carol** of Rumania had a passionate fling with his wife's sister, **Princess Irene** of Greece. The outcome of the affair, says Maria, was her own birth. In recent years, she has been trying to claim a share of the late King's estate, estimated at \$70 million. She has also tried to visit her supposed mother, now 68, living in Italy as the dowager Duchess of Aosta. Says Maria: "If she had looked me in the face and said, 'No, you are not my child,' I would have gone away and done nothing more." Instead, the dowager Duchess filed a suit in Athens against Maria for defamation. Result: Maria was convicted and now faces a 2½-year prison sentence. "I have no wish to embarrass the royal family," insisted the pretender, who is appealing, "but I know the Duchess is my mother and I am determined to prove it."

Rabbi Meir Kahane, who was a noisy nuisance in New York until convicted and fined for conspiring to manufacture explosives, has lately become a noisy nuisance in Jerusalem. There, his Jewish Defense League announced that it was gathering arms for a private war against Arab terrorists. Israeli police scooped up Kahane and five lieutenants on suspicion of smuggling. The rabbi, who claims 1,000 local followers, was delighted, for he has applied for Israeli citizenship and talks of running for the Knesset. "The government has made a big mistake by going after us this way," Kahane said. "It has made us seem like a big, important organization, which we're not, yet."

They don't do battle in the Senate the way they used to, but **Jacob Javits** of New York and **Norris Cotton** of New Hampshire showed that they at least retain some of the oldtime fire. During a debate on federal safety laws, Javits accused Cotton, a fellow Republican, of "glittering rhetoric that you know to be a falsehood." Up rose Cotton, with fists clenched: "Did you say I spoke a falsehood?" Javits: "I didn't mean it that way." Cotton: "What did you say, sir?" While **John Sherman Cooper** of Kentucky stepped between the aging gladiators (Cotton is 72, Javits 68), Presiding Senator **Eloise Edwards** of Louisiana pleaded for order: "Gentlemen, please!" In the next day's *Congressional Record* both legislators had diplomatically edited their spat out of existence.

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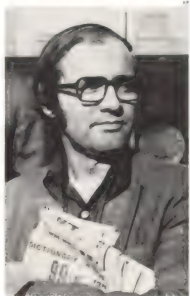
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Threatened Reporters

Though the U.S. press enjoys as much freedom as any in the world, a reporter's right to keep sources of sensitive information confidential remains a tense and crucial issue. When pressed by grand juries, prosecutors or judges to tell more than they are willing to print or broadcast, newsmen have traditionally claimed absolute immunity under the First Amendment, which broadly protects the press against Government regulation. The Supreme Court last June smashed that shield in a 5-4 ruling that journalists have no guaranteed immunity against compelled testimony before a grand jury.

The long-range effect, many fear,



JAILED REPORTER PETER BRIDGE

Seeking an immunity guarantee against grand jury compulsion.

will be to cripple the kind of tough investigative reporting that serves as an unofficial check on government at all levels. New York Times Newsmen Earl Caldwell, one of the principals in the cases brought to the Supreme Court, goes even further. "Now," he said last week, "it's really impossible to do serious reporting in the U.S. if the Government doesn't want you to."

Dubious Shelter. Caldwell's grim view is still being tested. The art of the exposé has not suddenly disappeared with the decision. The Chicago Tribune, for instance, recently revealed massive vote fraud in Illinois (TIME, Sept. 25). Moreover, the Supreme Court told Congress and the state legislatures that they could write statutes giving full or partial immunity to newsmen under a variety of circumstances. A House Judiciary Subcommittee chaired by Representative Robert W. Kastenmeier last

week completed hearings on a number of bills that would give newsmen considerable protection, at least in U.S. Government investigations. A new federal law might also serve as a model for state legislation (only 19 states now have immunity laws, and some of them provide dubious shelter).

Testimony by legislators, lawyers, press organizations and others overwhelmingly favored prompt congressional action. Without a sound law, they argued, sources of information would simply dry up out of fear of being exposed. Only the right of silence would leave the press free to fulfill its traditional watchdog mission. As one example, William Small of CBS testified that the network had been forced recently



NEW YORK TIMES'S EARL CALDWELL

to drop a segment of a program on welfare fraud when it could not promise its informant anonymity.

The most poignant statement came in *absentia* from Peter Bridge, 36, who worked for the recently deceased Newark Evening News. Bridge went to jail last week for an indefinite period because he would not tell a local grand jury the identity of the culprit in a bribery story he had written. Ironically, New Jersey has an immunity statute, but it was narrowly interpreted in the Bridge case. "A person who is not a news reporter," said Bridge, "might wonder why it is so important to maintain the confidentiality of sources. I can testify that confidential sources are the single most important device in the effective gathering of information."

The only serious opposition to a federal law came from the Justice Department. Assistant Attorney General

Roger Cramton told the subcommittee that a statute is unnecessary because guidelines issued by John Mitchell in 1970, while he was Attorney General, have sharply reduced the number of federal subpoenas being issued to newsmen. Cramton is correct, arithmetically. Early in the Nixon Administration, such subpoenas were being served by the dozen. They are now a relative rarity, but the threat of compelled testimony still exists in any reporting situation, and there is nothing to prevent a future Attorney General from scrapping the current rules. Nor does the present policy bind other federal agencies.

The Supreme Court ruling involved three reporters who refused to answer grand jury questions. Caldwell and Paul Pappas of WTEV in New Bedford, Mass., were summoned for questioning about what they had learned in their coverage of Black Panther activities. Paul Branzburg, then of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was interrogated about his sources for stories on local drug traffic. Despite the June ruling, no effort has yet been made to recall either Caldwell or Pappas for questioning. The reason, Caldwell speculates, is loss of official interest in the Panthers and a wish to avoid controversy with the press in an election year. Branzburg is under a six-month state contempt sentence, but he now works at the Detroit Free Press and refuses to return to Kentucky.

Because individual cases vary, drafting any legislation short of total immunity is a difficult task. Writing in the current *Columbia Journalism Review*, Fred Friendly, former president of CBS News, concedes that under certain extreme circumstances the right to silence must yield to the needs of law enforcement. Of the six bills now pending in Congress, the Kastenmeier subcommittee seems most sympathetic to one that would grant broad immunity but—cutting the other way—would also spell out those few situations in which reporters would have to testify. They could be forced to break confidences only if a crime had probably been committed, the information they possessed was unavailable elsewhere, and there was a "compelling and overriding national interest" in disclosure. Such a bill will probably be presented to the House early next year.

Playboy and Plagiarism

As one of the most successful magazines ever published, *Playboy* has inevitably inspired imitation. The newest entrant in the flesh-fun-fashion field, however, brings the flattery of emulation to the border of plagiarism. *Gallery*, which went on sale last week, carries a cover slug that is identical in arrangement and type face to *Playboy's*, and is perhaps meant to be mistaken for it on newsstands by the nearsighted.

Inside *Gallery*, the *Playboy* pattern continues with astonishing fidelity. There is the "Gallery Interview" (with

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COVER OF "GALLERY'S" FIRST ISSUE
Meant to be mistaken?

Columnist Jack Anderson, who also happens to be *Playboy's* interview subject for November), and a foldout "Gallery Girl of the Month." The female caricature that decorates *Playboy's* joke page is also to be found in *Gallery*, only this time she wears thigh-high boots instead of long stockings. But the quality of the new magazine's writing and photography is not in the same league with *Playboy's*, although *Gallery's* nudes are pretty and provocative, their charms are marred by poor printing. Among the few discernable differences in layout is *Gallery's* use of a symbol showing a lion inside a heart (lion-hearted, get it?) in place of *Playboy's* bunny trademark.

Harmless Pastime. It is no accident that *Gallery* seems to be looking over *Playboy's* shoulder. Editor James Spurlock, 26, served three years in *Playboy* Publisher Hugh Hefner's shop, and has installed *Gallery's* staff of 17 in offices opposite *Playboy's* editorial headquarters on Chicago's North Michigan Avenue. Ronald Fenton, 38, a onetime computer franchiser who is founder and chief stockholder of Gallery Enterprises, Inc., says that "we'll work our side of the street and let them work theirs."

Fenton has brought in F. Lee Bailey, the celebrated criminal lawyer and a longtime friend of Hefner's, to serve as the showcase publisher of *Gallery*. Cracks Bailey in *Gallery's* first issue: "You may expect a Hefty supply of dressed and undressed ladies in our pages which we intend to be beautiful, sensual and stimulating." He disclaims any "intent to enter the current publishing contest to see who can print the most daring display of pubic hair."

So total was *Gallery's* copying of *Playboy* in its first issue that Hefner's lawyers started inspecting it for possible copyright infringement, and Bailey reportedly rebuked Spurlock for overdoing the imitation. *Gallery's* next issue is to be partly redesigned, but Fenton is unworried. "All magazines," he says blandly, "have similarities."

The Tock of Geneva

A giant roasting spit. Parts of a turn-of-the-century Hispano-Suiza. Bicycle chains and wheels. Parts of a plowshare. A face that indicates time round the world. All this adds up to one of the world's most offbeat clocks—a 5,000-lb., 15-ft.-tall monster that stands in the transit lounge of Geneva's new international airport.

The Geneva contraption is one of a kind. So is its creator, Joseph Heeb, 42, certainly no typical Swiss. He wears a grizzled beard and hair down to his shoulders, drives a vintage Jaguar roadster, dresses like a Left Bank bohemian. His extraordinary custom-built timepieces, which incorporate bicycle wheels, saddle springs, farm tools and dismembered typewriters, also adorn the Geneva branch of the First National City Bank, a suburban Geneva theater, and the homes of well-to-do collectors from Europe to California. No trained artist, Heeb started his career as a repairer of musical instruments—saxophones, trombones and the like—then took up the restoration of antiques. He came to specialize in antique clocks, scouring the flea markets of France and Switzerland for raw material, patching and selling them at a profit.

Extra Cogs. From there it was a short step to the grotesque timepieces he now builds. At the heart of each clock is usually an old pendulum movement. His favorite is the French Mober, a standard for grandfather clocks, but these are increasingly hard to find. He tucks on additional cogwheels, pinions and escape mechanisms. "These are not really necessary to make the thing work," he says, "but they add mo-

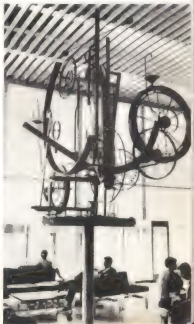
tion. I also like to move the pendulum off center, and then I weld on all sorts of ironware to give it shape and expression. For the really big pieces, I select a drive train from a small Swiss factory that makes movements for church-tower clocks."

Such work does not come cheap. The clock he built for the airport cost about \$4,600. Even more expensive (about \$10,000) was the First National City timepiece. It features a peacock, made of typewriter components, which flaps its wings and ruffles its feathers regularly every 15 minutes. Now he is working on several small wall clocks, turning them out in batches of half a dozen or so and selling them for upwards of \$650.

Heeb says that his imaginative clocks are "a protest against the stupidity of this cold modern world." Accordingly, his works carry lighthearted names: "Day to Day," "Joy," "More Than Time," "Lust for Life," and "Homage to St. Exupéry," his favorite author. He is quick to admit that he was inspired originally by the self-destructing machines of fellow Swiss Artist Jean Tinguely, but he disagrees with Tinguely's ideas. "He is one of those modern pessimists who proclaim that nothing endures," charges Heeb. "I am against anarchy in art or philosophy. Spiritually, Tinguely's creations don't work."

Heeb's clocks do "I can achieve accuracy to within a few seconds a day," he claims, but he denies trying to move in on Switzerland's professional watchmakers. "I am not trying to compete with Longines or Omega," explains Heeb. "I have never repaired a watch in my life."

CLOCKMAKER JOSEPH HEEB & TIMEPIECE AT GENEVA'S INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



COVER STORY

Joe Namath and the Jet-Propelled Offense

It was the universal opinion of all that he was certainly born to be hanged.
—Henry Fielding, *Tom Jones*

HANG young Tom? There were those in Fielding's novel who smugly foresaw that amorous vagabond dangling from the highest scaffold at Tyburn gallows. Ah, but how soft women would have wept, and what praisers hold men would have sung of his deeds.

No one has ever seriously suggested that a 20th-century counterpart of Tom, Quarterback Joe Willie Namath, should suffer such a fate. But he has always been the same kind of roccoco rascal that Jones was. As a child Joe Willie was, by his own cheerful confession, an occasional thief and vandal. In his youth he ignored his studies for the pursuit of pigskin and other cutaneous diversions. In setting a career for himself as a professional quarterback, Joe snubbed the St. Louis Cardinals of the older National Football League in favor of the New York Jets of the lowly American Football League—for a record bonus of \$427,000.

Even then he did not play by the rules. His hair was too long. His clothes were too loud. His lip was too loose. There were wild tales of girls and booze, of riotous pre-dawn odesseys through Manhattan saloons. There were even darker stories of gambling associations. Joe Namath, libertine and profligate. What good would come of such a rogue?

Merciless. What good indeed? At 29, after six turbulent, injurious seasons, Joe Namath has established himself as the pre-eminent quarterback in professional football today. Playing on a pair of frangible knees, Namath—after the 27-17 win by the Miami Dolphins over the Jets this week—had passed for a career total of 116 touchdowns and more than 18,000 yds.

Even more significant are the changes that Namath is signally responsible for working on the structure of pro football. It was the purse-draining price war for top draft choices like Namath that led to the merger of the A.F.L. and N.F.L. in 1966. It was also Namath who bluntly announced to a disbelieving sports world that the Jets would beat the heavily favored Baltimore Colts in the 1969 Super Bowl, then led his team to a stunning 16-7 upset that gave the A.F.L. parity with the N.F.L.

Namath sat out most of the past two seasons with knee injuries. That did not stop him from winning an estimated two-year, \$500,000 contract from the Jets management. At the beginning of the 1972 season he set about earning it

In the season's opener against the underdog Buffalo Bills, a team that almost always plays its best against New York, Namath ran a carefully modulated game, passing only 14 times as he set up his running attack. Joe Willie did manage one touchdown strike to Halfback Emerson Boozer as the Jets won, 41-24. Then came the Baltimore Colts—now rivals of the Jets in the Eastern Division of the N.F.L.'s American Conference—who had beaten the Jets four times since the dramatic Super Bowl confrontation. Playing for the first time in Baltimore's cavernous Memorial Stadium, Namath put on the most spectacular aerial circus this side of the Lafayette Escadrille. Against the Colts' touted zone defense, which had yielded only nine touchdown passes in all of the 1971 regular season, Namath completed 15 out of 28 passes for six touchdowns and 496 yds. in the air, the third highest total in league history.* Final score: Jets 44, Colts 34.

The following weekend in Houston, Joe let down slightly, and his teammates sagged considerably as the overconfident Jets were defeated by the fired-up Oilers, 26-20. Even so, Namath completed 18 of 39 passes, two of them going for touchdowns, and picked up an impressive 301 yds. in the air. That brought the Jets face guard to face guard with their toughest divisional foe.

*The Los Angeles Rams' Norman Van Brocklin piled up 554 yds. against the feeble New York Yankees in 1951, while Y.A. "Fritz" Fritzsche of the Giants gained 504 yds. against the equally hapless Washington Redskins team in 1962.

the Miami Dolphins, who after three weeks of the season had survived as the N.F.L.'s only undefeated team.

Win or lose, Namath generates more high-voltage excitement than any other player in the game. Indeed he is the sort of thrill producer that the N.F.L. badly needs these days. On the surface (whether it is Mother Nature's or Sudo Turf) the game still appears to be prospering at the brisk pace it set in the 1960s. Baseball may be the national pastime, but pro football has become the national obsession. It is now, according to N.F.L. Commissioner Alvin ("Pete") Rozelle, a \$130 million-a-year business. There are 26 teams in the league's two conferences, and Rozelle talks of expanding to such locales as Tampa, Fla., Phoenix, Honolulu and Mexico City. Last year the N.F.L.'s regular-season attendance surpassed ten million for the first time. Psychologists and sociologists by the score are peering into homes to determine the familial side effects on the 30 million-plus Americans who sit glazed before the tube on Sunday afternoons and Monday nights.

During the past few years, a funny thing happened on the way to the goal line: the offensive units got stomped. In 1969, 908 touchdowns were scored in the N.F.L. The number dipped in 1970 to 797 and rose only slightly last year (806). The fundamental reason for the scoring decline lay in the growing savagery and sophistication of football's defensive units.

Years back, coaches began to real-

NAMATH ESCORTING RACQUEL WELCH

WITH WEBB EWBAR



ize that the way to beat the Johnny Unitases and Y.A. Tittles was not to try and outscore them, but to devise bold new means to stop them. Thus football tacticians developed the zone defense (see diagram next page), a formation of varying intricacy designed basically to provide blanket coverage deep in the defensive secondary and thus rob the offense of its most lethal weapon: the long bomb.

Rending Limbs. To help the evolution along, more and more top athletes who traditionally would have wound up on the striking force suddenly found themselves channeled into the defensive crews. Examples abound. Many observers feel that Dick Butkus, 29, the ferocious middle linebacker of the Chicago Bears, has year in and year out been the finest football player in the N.F.L. Bruce Taylor, the No. 1 draft choice of the San Francisco 49ers in 1970, had been Boston University's leading scorer—as a defensive back. Most impressive of all are the incredible giants who toil in the trenches, the 260- and 270-lb. defensive linemen who are often as fast as their teams' running backs. The key player on last year's Super Bowl Champion Dallas Cowboys is eleven-year Veteran Defensive Lineman Bob Lilly. "Mean Joe" Greene of the Pittsburgh Steelers and Claude Humphrey of the Atlanta Falcons are the class of their respective teams. Nothing underscored the defense's mushrooming superiority as much as the selection last year of Minnesota Viking Tackle Alan Page as the N.F.L.'s Player of the Year. It marked the first time that a defensive player had won the award.

Meanwhile, back on the college gridirons, the hottest game around was being played by such teams as Oklahoma and Alabama, with their flashy "wishbone" offenses. Football fans cheered the college pyrotechnics even as they were becoming restive at the

sight of the pro defense methodically stifling the pro offense week after week. Clearly something had to be done. Commissioner Rozelle called a huddle of a hand-picked "Competition Committee," which included one of the most-respected coaches in the game: Paul Brown of the Cincinnati Bengals. Brown's proposal for improving the game had the simplicity of genius: moving the hash marks 3 yds. 1 ft. 9 in. closer to the center of the field (leaving them the same lateral distance apart as the goal posts).

Such a move means a lot more to the tone and texture of a game than it would seem. The hash marks are used to position the ball on the playing field after it has been downed either out of bounds or too close to the boundaries to permit reasonable play. Moving the hash marks closer to the center of the field has given offensive players—particularly wide receivers and running backs—more room to maneuver, while the defenses have more ground to cover. Also, field-goal kickers now enjoy a better angle.

After three weeks of play, statistics indicated that there has been a shift in favor of the offense. Last season the total number of points scored on a week-end averaged out to 503; the figure thus far is 542. At this time last year, running backs had gained more than 100 yds. in one game only nine times; the same feat has already been accomplished 17 times this season.

Reading Weaknesses. A more important factor than the hash-mark change is the slow but discernible evolution of offensive strategy in an increasingly complex defensive environment. As Namath puts it: "Because of the development of the defenses, we've had to compensate and develop even more. When a guy runs out for a pass, he's not just running out for a pass; he reads what the coverage is, and I read what the coverage is, and we try to con-

nect. When I go back to the huddle, I don't know what the pass is going to be. You have to read the weaknesses and the strengths of the defense and take it from there."

That is precisely what Namath did against Baltimore, a game that prospective quarterbacks should have watched with the same solemn intensity that surgical residents devote to watching a kidney transplant. With deadly skill, Namath dissected one of the two or three best defensive units in pro football. At

DROPPING BACK TO PASS



WITH "BEAR" BRYANT IN 1963



BLOWING BUBBLES AT PRACTICE



IN WHIRLPOOL BATH AT SHEA



SPORT

one point in the game, for instance. Running Back John Riggins told Namath in the huddle that the Colts' towering (6 ft. 7 in.) left-side linebacker, Ted Hendricks, was slacking off a bit on his pass coverage. Joe said nothing, threw one incomplete pass, then connected for short yardage. But on the next play, he called for Riggins to shoot out of the backfield and blow past Hendricks. Riggins ran his pattern precisely, caught a Namath pass on the run and streaked 67 yds. for a touchdown.

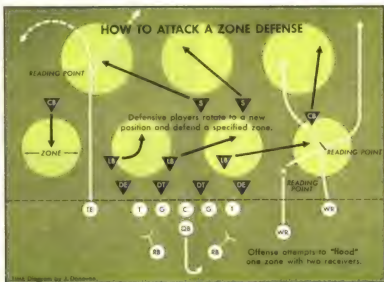
The Colts nonetheless managed to stay within range of the Jets—largely through a stellar passing performance (26 completions for 376 yds. and two touchdowns) by their canny old craftsman Johnny Unitas—until the final quarter. It was then that Namath displayed his instinct for the jugular. First he wound up and heaved a 79-yd. touchdown pass to Tight End Richard Caster. A few minutes later, the Colts scored, narrowing the Jets' margin to three points. When New York got the ball again, Namath called a pass play that could have gone to one of three receivers. Meanwhile the Colts had in-

serted a fresh cornerback, Rex Kern, No. 44, into the secondary; his primary responsibility was covering Caster. As Namath dropped back, Kern, fresh from an injury, tried to pick up the speedy Jet tight end. Namath recalls with a grin: "As I was getting ready to throw, I just saw a big, clean No. 44 on the guy's jersey and I knew that's where I was going to go." Caster, with three steps on Kern, snagged Namath's pass and raced into the end zone for his second touchdown in two consecutive offensive plays.

Those two plays sum up Namath's vital assets on the field: a bazooka arm, a trigger-quick release and an almost supernatural ability to read complex defenses in a matter of microseconds. As Namath explained to TIME Correspondent Marsh Clark last week: "Unless I have some sort of mental lapse, I know what they're doing on the defense every time." In the instruction booklet he is now writing on the art of passing, he gives his older brothers much of the credit for his proficiency: "They taught me a single motion—simply throwing from your ear. I may not always do that

now, but I don't have any waste motion." And how did he develop the fast release? "Strictly out of fear," he says. "When you see those sonsabitches coming at you, you get rid of it."

Namath assays his talents with cool detachment; his teammates look on him with almost religious awe. He is their meal ticket, the No. 1 breadwinner in one of the tightest families in the game. There is never any doubt who is in charge when the Jets get the ball. Coach Weeb Ewbank, perhaps football's best tutor of quarterbacks (he was also Unitas' coach at Baltimore during Johnny U.'s heyday), will occasionally send in a play, but Namath always has the option to change it. Appraising the situation on the field, Namath is usually the last man to step into the huddle. Then he may say something like "Slot right, flex, Jerome clear out that seam, Rich blow on through there at the post." Translation: he wants Wide Receiver Jerome Barkum to dash into the gap between two defenders while Tight End Caster sprints straight upfield toward the goal post. About 40% of the time, though, Namath will simply say "Play



NAMATH DIAGRAM OF PLAY

THE zone defense is the bane of pro football quarterbacks, since it is designed to take away the offense's most potent weapon, the bomb. Basically the zone calls for the seven behind-the-line defenders—three linebackers, two cornerbacks and two safeties in the normal pro lineup—to cover designated areas rather than specific receivers on a pass pattern. (If they do cover individual receivers, they are playing a man-to-man defense.) The defenders in a zone are charged with the responsibility of protecting their areas until the ball is thrown; then they converge on the receiver. Thus an end who looks wide open to the quarterback when he drops back to throw may be well covered by

two or more defenders by the time the ball arrives.

There are many varieties of zones in the pro game. One of the most effective is the rotating zone, perfected by the Baltimore Colts and shown in the diagram above. In this defense there are four short areas of responsibility and three deep ones. Ideally, the defensive backs will line up in a nondescript formation, then shift quickly to their predesignated areas as soon as the ball is snapped. In other words, the quarterback sees one defensive alignment before the play begins and a totally different one when he drops back to pass.

The trick for the quarterback is to recognize a zone forming while he is re-

treating into the pocket. In the case of Baltimore's rotating zone, the essential key for Namath was the way the two Colt safeties reacted at the snap of the ball—by bolting to the left. Joe and the Jets tried to counter the zone by using a slot formation (see diagram), in which one wide receiver was slotted inside another on the right side, while the tight end was split wide to the left. When Namath dropped back to pass, the outside receiver, Don Maynard, ran a deep pattern, taking two defensive backs with him; at predetermined reading points, Maynard had the option of cutting toward the middle or toward the sideline, depending upon how he was being covered. Meanwhile, the slot receiver, Eddie Bell, ran a shorter pattern into the area vacated by the defensive backs—an empty spot in the zone known as the seam. One result: Namath was able to complete nine passes to Bell for 197 yards and one touchdown.

THE WINDSOR GUARDSMAN

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WINDSOR CANADIAN

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Walter Hoving, Chairman of Tiffany's, says
it's a car for people with good design judgment.**



"The Ninety-Eight Regency is a car that people with good design judgment will appreciate."

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Magnavox



SPORT

at the line," and call the signal after he has sized up the defense.

Namath is no academic wizard. But Jet Receiver Coach Ken Meyer says wonderingly: "Joe's football intelligence must be in the genius range." Nearly every football expert agrees that Namath has no peer in analyzing the situation during the crucial 2.5 to 3.5 seconds between the time he takes the snap from Center John Schmitt, drops back into the defensive pocket and cocks to fire. Says diminutive Wide Receiver Eddie Bell, who had seven catches for 197 yds. against Baltimore: "Namath must have peripheral vision. Most quarterbacks wait until their receiver makes his break and then they throw. Namath throws before you break and the ball comes right down into your arms. Somehow he anticipates what guy is going to be open. And when he throws a bad pass, he admits it." Joe does not often have to make that admission, as rival defenders will testify. Says Washington Redskins Cornerback Mike Bass: "If he has the slightest amount of time, there is no real defense against him. He'll get off a perfect pass."

Glowering. One curious aspect of Namath's eminence is that he is totally out of step with the latest trend in pro football quarterbacks: powerful, mobile passers who can run nearly as well as they throw. He is not the perfect quarterback to begin with; his ball handling is merely ordinary, and as Minnesota Viking Fran Tarkenton points out, Namath tends to overestimate his arm and throw into a crowd. Further, every step that Namath takes away from his pass protection is an invitation to disaster. Who knows when those Achilles' knees, girded every Sunday in steel and rubber like radial tires, will absorb the blow that ends his career? Whether Joe could have been the kind of running quarterback in the pros that he was at Alabama is moot. Namath has been forced by injuries into the obsolescent mold of such pocket passers as San Francisco's John Brodie, Sonny Jurgensen of Washington and Joe's own high school idol, the incomparable John Unitas.

Great as the veteran pocket passers are, their futures are uncertain. Brodie, 37, whom many pro-rate directly behind Namath in passing ability, ranks third in all-time yardage statistics, has had 207 career touchdown passes and was 1970's Player of the Year. He threw a lot of interceptions (24) in 1971, though, and was taken out of the 49ers game with Buffalo this year with an injured wrist. With two touchdown tosses last week against New Orleans, he is still in better shape than Jurgensen, 38, who glowers on the bench (at \$125,000 a year) while that determined disciplinarian, George Allen, sticks with disciplined Billy Kilmer at the Redskins helm. Unitas joined Namath on that staterospheric day in Baltimore to set an N.F.L. record for most passing yardage gained by two teams in one game (872). But he is now 39, and his arm has nev-



BOB GRIESE PASSING
Setting a brisk pace.

er fully regained its snap after a 1968 shoulder injury.

While Miami Coach Don Shula readily concedes that Namath is "without equal as a passer," he feels that his team has the best all-round quarterback in Bob Griese (6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs.), who led the Dolphins to the Super Bowl last January. "He's become the team leader in a quiet, intelligent way," says Shula. "When he sticks his head in the huddle, everything he says is gospel." Griese demonstrated his poise in the final quarter against the rugged Minnesota zone defense last week, carefully picking it apart until he found Tight End Jim Mandich all alone in the end zone for the winning touchdown.

The explosive Detroit Lion offense revolves around an equally rugged quarterback, Greg Landry (6 ft. 4 in., 205 lbs.), who passed for more than 2,200 yds. last year and broke Tobin Rote's 20-year-old rushing record for quarterbacks of 530 yds. The New England Patriots are off to a sparkling start behind Jim Plunkett (6 ft. 3 in., 210 lbs.), the former Heisman Trophy winner and 1971 American Conference Rookie of the Year. And in Pittsburgh, long-suffering Owner Art Rooney hopes that his Steelers can ride to the first league title in their 40-year history on the strong arm—and legs—of Terry Bradshaw (6 ft. 3 in., 214 lbs.), who passed and ran for 634 yds. in the first three games of the season.

For all their power and potential, most of the youngsters shooting for their first Super Bowl are mercurial performers who lack what Joe Namath has finally attained: maturity. It has not come easily. Says Teammate Larry Grantham: "It takes everybody a while to get his feet on the ground. I don't see how he handled it as well as he did."



JOHNNY UNITAS CALLING SIGNALS



JIM PLUNKETT SCRAMBLING

Some think Joe's reputation as an eternal swinger has been exaggerated, and his devotion to football underrated. Says Veteran Receiver Don Maynard, Namath's favorite target over the years: "Everything you hear about Namath's personal life, divide it. Everything you hear about his professional life, multiply it." Not that Joe is an incipient St Christopher, whose image in metal he wears round his neck. True, he turned down the drinks pressed upon him by coaches and friends two weeks ago in Houston with a nonchalant, "Haven't you heard? Tomorrow is game day." But the grin and the drawl were the purest Namath insouciance.

Oh yes, the drawl. Namath's lazy inflections still suggest that his forebears fought under the tattered banners of Beauregard and Breckinridge. But as every true fan knows, Namath was born and raised in the Pennsylvania steel town of Beaver Falls (pop. 14,404), the youngest of four sons of a Hungarian-born steel puddler. Joe is sincere about his deep family ties. In his autobiog-



DICK BUTKUS BRACING
Blanket coverage.

raphy. *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow...Cuz I Get Better Looking Every Day* (written in collaboration with Writer-Sportscaster Dick Schaap), Namath proudly observes: "When I was growing up, my mother was a maid in Patterson Heights, the fancy section of Beaver Falls. At night, she'd stay up late, cutting down my brothers' old baseball and football uniforms to fit me. Now my mother lives in Patterson Heights."

In Beaver Falls, Joe starred in baseball (and was eventually offered a major-league contract), was the fanciest dribbler and best shooter on his high school basketball team, and became one of the town's leading pool sharks. He stayed in football only at the head coach's insistence and ultimately led Beaver Falls to a western Pennsylvania championship. His college boards kept him out of Maryland and Notre Dame, so he headed south to Alabama and the ineluctable embrace of Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant. No one has ever dominated the Bear, but Namath at least baited him to a draw. Bryant did suspend his errant pupil once for breaking training. On the other hand, Bryant's own mother would likely quail at the thought of slinging an affectionate arm over his shoulder and calling him "Bear"—a gesture Joe regularly indulged in. Namath won Bryant's suffrage by throwing for 3,055 yds. and 29 touchdowns in three years, and winning a national championship for Alabama in 1964. He was then drafted in the first round of both leagues by the Jets and St. Louis Cardinals, despite the downbeat reports of his glass knees.

Sonny Werblin, the Jets' high-rolling owner, got Joe with what was until then the biggest salary-plus-bonus offer ever given to a football rookie. Namath quickly won the starting assignment from Regular Mike Taliaferro

and the man who had beaten him for the Heisman Trophy, Notre Dame's John Huarte. Before Joe, the Jets might as well have been the Pottstown Firebirds for all anyone cared about them; their only fans were grumpy football buffs who could not afford to pay scalpers' prices for scarce New York Giant tickets. Werblin knew what he was about: in fact, he was positively prescient. "I don't know how to define star quality," he said, "but Joe Namath has it. Few do. If we knew what makes it, we would have had 100 Marilyn Monroes. But it's something Joe will always have. When he walks into a room, it changes." Werblin added in extravagant understatement: "Joe likes excitement. He's single and young and doesn't have to be at work until noon. You can't ask a man like that to sit at home and read a book."

Debaucheries. No, you can't, and Joe most decidedly did not. Even as his tactical wizardry turned the stiles at Shea Stadium, his caterwauling got more and more notice from the New York fans and press, who had not had a bona fide rakehell hero since Babe Ruth. Namath helped embroider his image with statements like, "My weaknesses are clothes and blondes: I like any place in New York where there are girls and pleasant company." He also set himself up in the shooting gallery by snapping at reporters who quizzed him about a bad game: "Booze and broads, what else? We were out all night getting drunk."

Unsurprisingly, Joe had become something of a living legend by the time he was 25. When sportswriters got tired of extolling his exploits on the field, they zeroed in on his between-games lifestyle. There were photos and stories about his bachelor pad on Manhattan's East Side, which featured a white llama rug* and, purportedly, some of the unhottiest debaucheries since Petronius' last house party. No American beauty could regard her career as complete without a date with "Broadway Joe" (a bad geographical misnomer, because Namath's favorite haunts—Dudes 'n' Dolls, Mister Laffs, P.J. Clarke's—were many blocks and light years away from Broadway). He made guest appearances on television talk shows, where writers provided him with merry bedfells of double-entendres. He starred in a Grade Y pot-boiler called *The Last Rebel* (in which he actually said out loud, "All right, men. Guns on the table!") and a Grade Z film, *C.C. Rider*, with Ann-Margret.

In 1969 he also co-starred with N.F.L. Commissioner Pete Rozelle in a less amusing real-life gambling drama set in the commission-

er's office and a Manhattan pub, *Bachelors III*, of which Namath was part owner. Rozelle's office had determined that hoods and gamblers were hanging out in the bar, and the commissioner ordered Namath to sell his interest. Namath replied by tearfully—and very publicly—retiring from football. If he meant to bluff, it did not work. Within two months he huddled with Rozelle and emerged after a lengthy session to announce that he would give up his interest in the bar and return to football.

After a couple of years of frustrating injuries, Namath's return to the game now seems complete. His Jets will not likely go on to the Super Bowl this year—their defense simply does not measure up—but under Namath's creative guidance they should continue to be the most daring and resourceful riders on the pro football plains. As for Namath himself—well, no one changes overnight, and things would not be as much fun if Joe Namath did. He has mellowed somewhat. He takes care of his family and invests his money in restaurants off suspiciously beaten paths. As he reflects: "Football has been great for me. You learn discipline and dedication, and there's a lot of competitive spirit. You can't cheat anybody out there. Football is a humbling game and even humiliating at times." Namath continues: "I'd like to play as long as I can, but then I might like to go into something else, perhaps get into the movies more than I have." For a wonder, Joe Willie, lion of the singles bars, can even see marriage away off on the horizon. "Sure, some day I'd like to settle down," he admits. "I'd like to have a lady put up with me, raise a family, set up a house, have a home. But I know I'm just not ready for it. I like to move around a lot."

He still moves around with the same wolfish swagger that drugstore idolaters everywhere have tried to imitate. Yet there is a discernible difference in the Namath style. He now says things like "I pray every night when I go to bed—when I can." Like wayward Tom, Joe Willie has cheated the various nooses that could have shipped round his neck—by the simple expedient of growing up.

NAMATH TAKING TUMBLE



*Namath has since moved to another East Side apartment near more sedate Park Avenue, the llama rug is gone.



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HYATT HOTELS

THE THEATER

Beauty in Sound

BERLIN TO BROADWAY
WITH KURT WEILL

This show is an auditory feast, but everything except the music leaves something to be desired. Kurt Weill's theater music is one of the glories of the modern stage—haunting, melodious, perfectly wedded to the lyrics. Such songs as *Pirate Jenny*, *Alabama Song*, *My Ship and Lost in the Stars* do more than fill an audience with pleasure. They are incarnations of beauty in sound.

The irritating thing is that the devisers of this production do not leave Weill enough alone. Arbitrarily, the show has a shipboard setting, and a tedious commentator, Donald Saddler has staged the numbers as if they were sup-



COHEN IN "BERLIN TO BROADWAY"
Witness to life's bruises.

per-club turns. The cast has fine voices, but the collective air of bouncy innocence somehow belies what is worldly, skeptical and melancholy in Weill's mental tone. This is Weill without tears, and it misses the distilled suffering that makes some of his music so affecting. One exception must be made, Margery Cohen bears witness to life's bruises and in the style of Lotte Lenya and Eily Stone, her voice contains pain, endures it, survives it.

While the Berlin section of the evening is less well done, it is more meaningful because Weill's collaborator was Bertolt Brecht. Between them they fashioned a dramatic rhetoric of music and lyrics that moved with deceptive ease from the beat of the goose step to the glide of the tango. Decadence was their target, but they were half in love with what they hated: Weill could decant sin from a saxophone. The music that he later composed in the U.S. somehow lacks that moral bite that Brecht inspired.

■ T.E. Kalem

Alexander the Greats.



Coffee Alexander

1 oz. Hiram Walker
Coffee Flavored Brandy.
1 oz. Hiram Walker's
California Brandy.
1 oz. cream.
Shake with ice and
strain into
champagne glass.
Dust with
powdered coffee.

Alexander

1 oz. Hiram Walker Brown
Creme de Cacao.
1 oz. Hiram Walker's
London Dry Gin.
1 oz. fresh cream.
Shake well with cracked
ice and strain into
cocktail glass.
Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Blackberry Alexander

1½ oz. Hiram Walker
Blackberry Flavored Brandy.
½ oz. Hiram Walker
White Creme de Cacao.
1 oz. cream.
Shake with cracked
ice, strain into
champagne glass,
dust with powdered
chocolate.

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*If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

Greening of Dartmouth

As Dartmouth began its 203rd year with a convocation in Webster Hall, President John George Kemeny professed himself ready to "risk chaos by moving forward with new ideas." Dartmouth's most striking new idea was already a reality: the college's first 252 coeds. In their honor, Kemeny asked the students to refrain from singing the traditional *Men of Dartmouth* ("Men of Dartmouth, give a rouse, for the college on the hill..."). Instead, they sang a verse of *Dartmouth Undying* ("Remember! the splendor and fullness of her days..."). But then from students in the gallery came a touch of chaos, a faint chant of "Men of Dartmouth, give a rouse..."

So did, with a failing gurgle of protest, one of the Ivy League's oldest and least-mourned traditions: Dartmouth was the last of the eight schools to go coed. The reform came through the efforts of a man who is himself something of a novelty among Ivy League presidents, a computer expert and science-fiction buff who still speaks English with a thick Hungarian accent. As the chaos of rival songs faded away, John Kemeny just smiled: bringing women to Dartmouth had been one of his chief goals since he took over as president two years ago. "Dartmouth was incomplete without women," he says. "The environment without them was unnatural, and therefore education was handicapped."

Lemons. Once the alumni's diard prejudices had been overcome, the college's chief problem was to find a way to admit women without cutting its male enrollment, since Dartmouth could not afford to increase its physical plant. Kemeny's solution was typically pragmatic: he is adding a summer term, which will allow the school to enroll 800 women students over the next four years at a cost of only \$2,000,000, mostly for renovation of dorms, expanding the gym, and adding 25 teachers to the present 275-member faculty. Under the new system, only the freshman year is traditional, fall to spring. After that, Dartmouth now requires simply that a student attend at least one summer term; he can take his other seven ten-week terms at any time he wishes, either at Dartmouth itself or at 27 other study centers in the U.S. and abroad.

In the course of restructuring Dartmouth—while keeping his budgets balanced—Kemeny has brought a new and more approachable style to his office. He frequently works in a collarless sports shirt; he teaches a freshman calculus course; and he sets aside time every week for students to come in without any appointment and talk. When the superconservative Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader* called the new

president a "lemon" (because he canceled classes during the Kent State upheaval) Kemeny good-naturedly tossed out lemons at a subsequent mass meeting of students, many of whom were wearing polo shirts painted with bright yellow lemons. Kemeny can also be blunt. A delegation of professors once protested against his bringing his wife Jean to faculty meetings. "Go to hell," he told them. Soon afterward the meetings were thrown open to all the wives, students and university employees.

Before being chosen as president on the retirement of John Sloan Dickey, a master builder who had quintupled Dartmouth's endowment to \$114 million, Kemeny was widely regarded as a near genius in the field of computers and math. Now 46, he is the son of a grain dealer from Budapest who fled Nazi anti-Semitism to settle in New York in 1940. A star student in advanced math and philosophy at Princeton, Kemeny was drafted to work on the Manhattan Project, and later became Albert Einstein's assistant. In 1953, when he was 27 and a teacher of logic at Princeton, Dartmouth asked him to head its math department. He soon recruited one of the best college math faculties in the country.

At the same time, Kemeny crusaded for the then-radical idea that every student should learn to use a computer. He helped to invent a simplified language for communicating with computers (called BASIC); he pioneered in the development of time sharing, a method by which many people can use a computer simultaneously. The computer even became his chief form of relaxation. In the small hours of the morning, after what is often a 20-hour workday, Kemeny frequently plays simulated games of chess, poker and football on a computer console in the study of his home. For Dartmouth's football coaches, he created a computer system to help keep track of scouting data.

When students register at Dartmouth, they receive ID numbers and code words to enable them to dial into the college's computer from any of the 200 terminals on the campus. By the time they leave, about 90% of Dartmouth's 3,455 undergraduates will know how to operate and even program a computer. Some never progress beyond playing simulated games of football or chess, but more than half take courses on how to use computers in scientific and behavioral research. "I want the computer to become as familiar as the library," says Kemeny.

Until Dartmouth has made the full transition to coeducation and year-round operation, Kemeny is not planning anything drastic. "Dartmouth," he says, "is larger than most small colleges and does not have the big universities' problem of tending to splinter into un-



KEMENY WORKING AT HIS COMPUTER
It plays football too.

related pieces. I want to keep it that way." But he does have an immodest ambition: "That in ten years Dartmouth will have the best undergraduate education program in America."

Wild Man, B.A.

"Dear Editor," the letter began: "Does 'Young, Black convict graduates from major university without ever leaving prison' appear newsworthy to you? I've actually lived the above story, and if it appears that I'm tooting my own horn, please realize that my circumstances (being confined) leave me no alternative."

With this bold declaration, mailed to various periodicals (including *TIME*), Victor Taylor, 28, announced his impending graduation, *magna cum laude*, from Southern Illinois University. He did indeed have a story to tell. A high school dropout from Dallas, he joined the Navy, tried to become a pilot but was disqualified for color blindness. That made him so "disenchanted with Navy life," as he put it, that he robbed a naval-station bank of \$125,000 and ended with a ten-year prison term.

Paroled in 1967, he continued, "I went on a robbery spree which netted me an aggregate of 61 years in prison sentences." Twice he escaped—from prisons in Atlanta and Oklahoma City; twice he was recaptured. Finally he was sent to the federal penitentiary in Marion, Ill., a maximum-security prison known as "the new Alcatraz."

There he learned in group-encounter sessions that "I was the type of guy who always placed or showed but never won. In almost every project I ever undertook, I'd get very close to finishing it and then I'd abandon it. I'd never even read a book all the way through." Instructors from John A. Logan Col-

EDUCATION

lege in Carterville, Ill., paid regular visits to the prison, so Taylor signed up for six courses, including biology, math and Western civilization. He got straight A's. Encouraged, he moved on into black studies, logic, electronics and criminology—all courses specially sent to him by Southern Illinois S.I.U. waived tuition and provided tapes of lectures. Taylor chose psychology as his major, "mainly because I wanted to discover what made me tick."

Finding it hard to study through the noise made by fellow inmates, Taylor regularly slept from 5:30 p.m. until midnight, then studied until 7:30 a.m., when he had to go to work in the prison's education department. He earned a grade average of 4.89 out of a possible 5, and finished four years' studies in 21 months—a record for the university.

Because of his two-escape attempts, prison authorities refused to let Taylor go to the university to receive his diploma, so S.I.U. sent two officials to the prison cafeteria to present it to him. "This diploma means a hell of a lot to me," Taylor said. "This diploma makes me feel I can do anything." Then tears started to run down his cheeks. Taylor recalled that he hadn't cried since he was 13. "But this year I cried when my father died. And now this. This must be my year for crying."

Taylor has already begun working by correspondence on a doctorate in clinical psychology. The problem is that he cannot complete an advanced degree without attending the university. He is not eligible for parole until 1976, and he cannot even get to a class unless he can convince the authorities that "I am not the wild man I once appeared to be." To do that, he may figure that the best method is a loud toot on the horn.



TAYLOR RECEIVING DIPLOMA
"My year for crying."

A Great Cleanup?

"The most significant environmental legislation in the history of Congress," said Ohio Representative William Harsha. "The means to eliminate the cancer of water pollution," said Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine. With such encomiums, the Federal Water Pollution Control Act Amendments of 1972 swept through Congress last week by 74-0 in the Senate and 366-11 in the House. Despite this massive approval, the big question was: Would President Nixon sign the bill into law?

There can be no doubt of the act's importance. It aims at nothing less than the end of pollution of U.S. waterways by 1985. The problem is money. Congress provides a cornucopia—the act calls for spending of \$24.6 billion over the next three fiscal years. That amount is almost three times as much as the White House has recommended. Indeed, Administration experts term the act "inflationary," and some have publicly advised the President to veto it.

Acrimony. The act itself is the product of months of argument. The Senate passed a tough version last November; the House approved a milder bill in March. The legislation then underwent a full 39 conference committee sessions, many of them long and acrimonious. After all that, says Representative Robert Jones, chairman of the House conference committee: "The bill is more effective than either the House or Senate bills."

The essential ingredients for the great cleanup are all there. Every sort of pollutant, from heavy metals like mercury and cadmium to heated water from electricity plants, is defined and limited. The bill provides up to \$18 billion for municipalities to build new sewage-treatment plants, with 75% of the money being paid by Washington and 25% by states and cities. It would finance the removal of toxic sludge from river and lake bottoms and also provide low-interest loans to small businesses for antipollution equipment.

The cleanup would take place in two stages. By July 1, 1977, industries would have to install the "best practicable" antipollution devices on all their waste systems. "Practicable" means what industry can afford—or what the Environmental Protection Agency says industry can afford. In effect, Congress is promising that the need for antipollution equipment would not put small and antiquated plants out of business, but it is also warning that even relatively unprofitable factories must begin to curb their wastes. The real crunch would come with the second deadline. By July 1, 1983, all industries must upgrade their antipollution equipment to make use of the "best available" technology—even if it is expensive.

ENVIRONMENT

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



THE TARGET. POLLUTED RIVER SCENE
Is \$24.6 billion too much?

"You are the enforcer," said President Nixon when he appointed William D. Ruckelshaus as the EPA's first administrator. The clean-water act uses him as just that. His biggest job would be to police the efforts of the individual states, which would be directly in charge of the cleanup. The states would issue permits, written to meet EPA standards, specifying limits on every plant that discharges wastes into waterways. If a state is too lenient with a polluter—violations can cost \$25,000 a day (plus a year in jail for plant officials)—the EPA chief could intervene and even take over a state's entire water program.

Congress has tried to make the bill palatable to the economy-minded White House, specifically permitting the Administration to spend less than the authorized funds. Nonetheless, at week's end lawmakers feared that President Nixon would hold the measure, unsigned, until Congress adjourns in mid-October. Such a pocket veto would not give Congress a chance to override the President's action. If the bill is killed, warns Senator Muskie, "Before Congress can act again, more precious time will be lost in a battle where time is running out on our future."

Understanding Cities

When most people visit a city, they consult the regulation guidebook, dutifully trudge around to examine the local museum, the famous landmarks, and the historic sites—and then think they know all about the place. Nothing could be farther from the truth, says Richard Saul Wurman, 37, a Philadelphia architect. Only when Americans

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Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial-ply tire, the Zeta 40M, here in America. And we feel the 10-year head-start we've had in Europe over every other American tire manufacturer, in perfecting what is a rather difficult tire to produce, has to give us—and, thereby, you—a distinct and obvious advantage.

Here's what you can expect from a Uniroyal steel-belted radial.

A radial tire has a definite edge in that the side walls of the tire flex a great deal more than those of a conventional bias-ply tire. This means that much more tread stays on the road at all times. And more rubber on the road means greater control and ease of handling on turns, more stability at high speeds, in passing and on wet surfaces, not to mention superior response in braking.



Clairoix, France — 1961: Uniroyal tested its first steel-belted radial.

Another advantage of having more rubber remain on the road is that your tire will last a great deal longer. (It's not uncommon for a radial-ply tire to last well over 40,000 miles.) This longer wear may well serve to make up for the initially larger investment that steel-belted radials represent.

And finally, for our double steel belts. Their greater strength (steel belts, obviously, are much stronger than fabric or glass belts) offers you a tire with exceptional hazard protection, making it an extraordinarily safe tire.

(Incidentally, don't let anyone sell you just a radial tire or just a steel-belted tire. They're not the same as a steel-belted radial.)

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Should your family be riding on anything less?



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AIRLINES

Flying High with Lower Fares

HI WE'RE TRANS INTERNATIONAL
AIRLINES FLY US TO MARBELLA
FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES OF OVER
SEAS NATIONAL AIRWAYS
UP, UP AND AWAY WITH WORLD
AIRWAYS

ADVERTISING men will undoubtedly concoct somewhat more original slogans, but Trans International, Overseas National and World are names that could soon become vacation bywords. They are the three biggest of the eleven U.S. supplemental air carriers that operate both at home and abroad on a nonscheduled basis. Now that the Civil Aeronautics Board has given the go-ahead for charter lines to reach beyond "affinity" groups and compete against regularly scheduled carriers for business from individual travelers (TIME, Oct. 9), the nonscheduled are planning a big campaign to promote mass, low-cost air travel.

There may be something of a delay before the plan takes off. The scheduled carriers are preparing to ask the courts to rescind the CAB's decision. The ruling, they say, violates the law forbidding charter lines to sell tickets to individuals. In addition, the U.S. must negotiate with foreign governments for landing rights covering the new class of service, called Travel Group Charters (TGC). Negotiations with some nations should be relatively smooth and

simple. But some governments, including France, Switzerland and The Netherlands, are wary of subjecting their national airlines to further low-priced competition, particularly on the North Atlantic route.

Nevertheless, TGC, or something like it, is not likely to be grounded for very long. Low-cost charter flights on both scheduled and nonscheduled lines have been available to just about anybody in Europe for nearly a decade, enabling millions of middle- and low-income people who could not otherwise afford air travel to jet off to vacation spots at amazingly low package rates. Typical enticements: Londoners can buy a three-day, all-expense trip to Moscow this winter for \$71 or spend four days on the Costa Brava in Spain for \$34; Danes can fly to Rome for a week on \$92, including hotel and two meals daily, or to the Canary Islands on a similar plan for \$100.

Protect & Promote. In the U.S., charter bargains have theoretically been restricted to groups of lodge brothers or other affinity organizations. That rule led to the proliferation of groups aptly described by San Francisco Tour Operator Jack Aufrecht as "bowling clubs that charter 40 airplanes a year and have one bowling game." Over the past decade, charter flights have increased from 10% to 22% of all air traffic across the Atlantic. The scheduled lines have fought back by offering a bewildering variety of excursion packages, and some have resorted to illegal discounting of blocks of tickets to travel agents. Now the CAB is trying to clear up the mess by simply abolishing the affinity rule. Says CAB Chairman Secor Browne: "Low-cost charter availability is taking on the character of a right, which governments are increasingly being expected to protect and promote."

Officers of charter lines are talking about offering low-cost flights between many cities in the U.S., and to such overseas spots as South America, Africa and Micronesia. For either domestic or foreign trips, charter groups will be assembled by travel agents, who will be able to add a commission of 10% or so to the fare. Total cost of a round-trip ticket to any Western European city should be less than \$200 from New York and no more than \$300 from Los Angeles, with a 25% deposit required 90 days before departure. Refunds will be made only in extreme circumstances like sickness, though it is probable that the no-cancellation policy will eventually loosen up.

The scheduled carriers are belatedly

entering the charter business themselves—and in a big way. TWA increased its charter bookings by 90% during the first eight months of 1972 to \$19 million. Pan Am is also pushing hard for charter sales. Chiefs of some foreign carriers, including Mordechai Ben Ari of Israel's El Al and Michael Dargan of Irish International Airlines, want to offer a new lower-cost, no-frill class of scheduled service.

Says Secor Browne: "The CAB's new order in effect says that the airlines have lured back about all of the travel that they lost during the recession and that their real untapped source of growth is the masses." President Nixon has made no effort to block Browne's drive for



CHARTER FLIGHT IN OAKLAND, CALIF.



lower-cost travel. On the contrary, he is believed to be considering the CAB chief for a higher appointment.

Profits in Strikes

Just as labor unions chip in money to help one another when they are on strike, most of the major and local U.S. airlines have a mutual aid pact to assist any contributor who is grounded by labor trouble. No company has benefited more from the pact than Northwest Orient Airlines, which has been shut down by strikes about one day in every ten since 1960. Last week Northwest settled still another strike, and though it did not do nearly as well as normally

during the shutdown, it received so much in strike benefits that it actually showed a profit.

Northwest's angry pilots were out for three months. They finally agreed to a three-year contract calling for a 29% pay-and-benefits increase. The most junior officers' pay will rise from \$15,564 a year to \$18,504, and senior pilots' salary will soar from \$60,600 to \$66,816. The Air Line Pilots Association compromised its main demand that the company rehire all 1,619 pilots employed before the strike. It accepted Northwest's offer to rehire 1,425 immediately and set up a schedule for recalling the rest.

On the basis of company reports, the union estimates that Northwest collected about \$39 million from other lines during the strike and showed a profit of \$1,000,000 during the July-August period. The company puts its profits at \$700,000, and notes that in the same period last year, when there was no strike, its earnings were about \$14 million.

What is not in dispute is that Northwest did come out ahead during this strike—and others. In 1970, for example, the airline got \$46 million in aid and showed a profit for the year of \$44 million. In that same year, United Air Lines posted a loss of \$40 million, but paid nearly \$17 million to Northwest. Payments are figured on the basis of the "windfall" profits made by companies that carry the struck carrier's passengers and on a percentage of the contributing airlines' gross revenues. During the 14 years of the pact's existence, Northwest has paid only \$4,000,000 into the fund, but the firm has collected about \$90 million from it.

DIRECTORS

Women on the Board

Speaking at the annual stockholders' meeting last spring, General Motors Chairman Richard Gerstenberg predicted that G.M. would have a woman on its board before it had a Wankel engine on the market. The first G.M. Wankel is still two years off, but last week the nation's biggest manufacturing company named its first woman director. She is Miss Catherine B. Cleary, 55, president of Milwaukee's First Wisconsin Trust Co., and she differed from most others on G.M.'s 28-member board in more ways than one: she drove a Ford (after her selection, she exchanged it for a Pontiac).

Cleary is among a select but growing number of women being invited onto the boards of the nation's corporations—usually as the single female member and sometimes as a kind of soul mate to the only black or youth member. All of the newcomers are there because of a rising conviction, fostered by the protest movements of the '60s, that corporate boards make decisions affect-

ing nearly everyone, and thus should include a more representative cross section of the public. While only several dozen large corporations have added women directors, many others are on the hunt.

Women directors have widely varying views on the kind of corporate contributions that they can make. A sampling of their thoughts:

► G.M.'s Cleary insists that "I do not represent wom-



DINAH SHORE

CATHERINE B. CLEARY



JOAN GANZ COONEY



PATRICIA ROBERTS HARRIS



JEWEL STRADFORD LAFONTANT

The hunt is on.

en." She assumes that she can help oversee corporate financial matters as well as anyone else who in 25 years of hard work rose from a trust assistant to manager of about \$1 billion in investments. "I can't say if I'm a token director, but if I thought I was, I wouldn't be on boards," she insists. Over the years she has joined the boards of A.T. & T., Kraftco and Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance as well as G.M. An austere person who finds Women's Lib a little brash, Cleary has nonetheless appointed women to one executive post out of ten at her bank. She is the only female on First Wisconsin's board, however.

► Patricia Roberts Harris, 48, is also a true pro in a field dominated by men: a top Washington attorney who has served as U.S. Ambassador to Luxembourg as well as in several important political jobs, most recently as chairman of the embattled Credentials Committee at the Democratic National Convention. Invited to join many boards, she has accepted offers from IBM, Chase Manhattan Bank and Scott Paper. "I'm not nearly so vocal on these boards as I am in politics, education or

legal matters because I am still learning the business," says Mrs. Harris. "As I learn, I am growing more vocal."

► Joan Ganz Cooney, 42, creator of TV's *Sesame Street*, is an unabashed nonexpert in banking who nonetheless considers herself a proper choice for a directorship of Philadelphia's First Pennsylvania Banking & Trust. Chairman John R. Bunting, she says, "knows that I can't comment with intelligence on most financial issues, but I can comment on issues of social responsibility"—including the bank's services to the poor and the elderly. Mrs. Cooney has addressed meetings of the bank's women employees and sees herself "as a symbol of good faith on the part of management to them."

► Jayne Spain, fortyish, vice chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, is a director of Litton Industries and the American Management Association. The president of a manufacturing company acquired by Litton in 1966, Mrs. Spain makes no secret of her attitude toward women in the board room. "The sooner we get more women in policymaking positions, the sooner we'll settle a lot of things," she says. "I think women approach problems more from the human view than men do. The woman asks, 'What happens to the people?'"

► Dinah Shore, 55, Hollywood perennial, has been a director since last December of St. Louis' May Department Stores Co., the 100-store retail chain. When Vice Chairman David May II, a frequent tennis partner, asked her to join, Shore at first declined because "I kept seeing Roz Russell in old movies before my eyes." Later she decided that she was in a good position to spot changing preferences for home furnishings and food on her TV talk show and thus had "access to information that

BUSINESS

the store management will eventually use."

The roster of women on big corporate boards also includes Chicago Lawyer Jewel Stradford Lafontant, a director of TWA and the Jewel Cos. grocery chain; and Girl Scouts Executive Director Cecily Cannan Selby, who is on the Avon and RCA boards. Last week Metropolitan Life Insurance named Barnard College President Martha E. Peterson for a directorship. They and other women who join boards are acquiring power in two ways. Aside from gaining the prestige and authority that have always gone with the job, directors of all companies today are being forced to take more active roles in company decisions. In several recent instances of corporate decline and failure, courts have held that shareholders can collect damages from directors who are no longer able to rely on the excuse that they were not fully acquainted with their firm's activities.

BELGIUM

Vexed by VAT

Napoleon called England a nation of shopkeepers, but he should have given that distinction to Belgium. The country counts one store for every 49 residents, the highest ratio in Europe; the government even has a Ministry of Middle Class Affairs, which is supposed to protect the interests of small shopkeepers. Lately, at least, the ministry has not been notably successful. Shopkeepers have been complaining loudly and long about rising taxes and rising competition from cut-rate chain stores. Last week they put their complaints into action and went on strike for two days, practically shutting down the country.

What finally touched off the re-

tailers' revolt was Belgium's value-added tax (VAT). Nixon Administration officials have talked of calling for the same sort of national sales tax in the U.S., and most other European countries already have one. But the VAT that Belgium introduced last year is the most complicated of all: it has four different rates, from 6% on food to 25% on liquor. Retailers angrily protest that the resulting paperwork is intolerable. Says Mrs. Maria Hendrickx, half of a husband and wife vegetable-selling team in Brussels: "My husband can buy vegetables in the market, but he can't fill in all those damned forms. He isn't clever enough." Another though unvoiced complaint of many shopkeepers: in Belgium, as in some other European nations, tax evasion is a national sport, and the VAT is difficult, if not impossible to escape.

Last Monday and Tuesday, more than 700,000 retailers, tradesmen and sympathizers struck in protest; the shopkeepers pulled down their blinds, turned off their lights and shut up shop. Most simply stayed home, but some marched and threw stones, tomatoes and rotten eggs at the windows of chain stores. Gas stations stopped pumping; highways and streets filled with cars that were abandoned after they ran out of fuel. Restaurants, movie theaters, newsstands all closed. Even doctors closed their offices in sympathy. Bars shut and prostitutes disappeared from the streets.

There is little chance that the government will repeal the hated VAT or grant another of the strikers' demands—government restraints on the expansion of chain stores. What the store owners gained is the memory of two glorious days in which they proved that they too can revolt. But in the long run, many of Belgium's shopkeepers, like those of other nations, will probably be replaced by larger retailers.



SAUDI ARABIA'S MINISTER YAMANI

OIL

Arab Victory


In his elegant Manhattan hotel suite, the bearded, Harvard-educated Arab signed his initials to an international treaty that has vast political and economic implications. "The agreement is very satisfactory to me," he said. Well it should be. Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, Saudi Arabia's 42-year-old oil minister, had just realized the decades-old Arab dream of gaining control over the vast pools of oil beneath the Middle East's deserts. Last week's agreement allows the five Persian Gulf states of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Qatar, Iraq and Abu Dhabi to buy an immediate 20% interest in foreign oil-producing operations in their lands. Most important, the pact calls for the five states to get a 51% share of ownership in time, perhaps by the early 1980s.

The sellers will be nine of the world's largest oil companies, including British Petroleum, Jersey Standard, Gulf, Texaco, Royal Dutch/Shell and Mobil. The various Arab governments will pay each firm the book value of its real estate and equipment (which was often understated for tax purposes), and add something extra to compensate for the loss of future profits because of the transfer of ownership. The price will run to billions of dollars. But the oil-producing countries will be able to squeeze it all out of the oil companies, for the firms agreed to buy back each country's share of the oil output at a higher than normal price. Thus the consumer will ultimately foot the bill for the takeover.

For their part, the producing nations also apparently agreed to expand production at a rate designed to prevent any world oil shortage. But with Middle Eastern producers now clearly holding the upper hand, the availability as well as the price of oil is more than ever under their control.

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Unraised Consciousness

THE NEW CHASTITY AND OTHER ARGUMENTS
AGAINST WOMEN'S LIBERATION

by MIDGE DECTER

188 pages. Coward, McCann & Georgehegan. \$5.95.

There's no thrill quite like signing up with an idea whose time has come—except, of course, the thrill of opposing it if you happen to be a loner. For her present foothold, roughly comparable to throwing herself in front of a juggernaut with a Molotov cocktail, Midge Decter deserves to be named 1972's Daughter of the Anti-Zeitgeist.

Miss Decter, a *Harper's* editor under Willie Morris, and in private life the wife of *Commentary* Editor Norman Podhoretz, has chosen this perilous moment to announce, among other unspeakable things, that "every woman wants to marry." Worse—dare one even repeat it?—that woman's problem is not too little freedom but too much. For her pains, Midge Decter has already been called "neurotic," described as plumb "new depths in the art of petty arrogance," and summarily notified she is "full of s---" in the letters column of the *Atlantic*, where an excerpt from her case against Women's Liberation appeared.

What outrageous things does *The New Chastity* say to produce these outraged responses? True, Miss Decter calls Betty (The Feminine Mystique) Friedan a "would-be intellectual" and grades Kate (Sexual Politics) Millett's celebrated textual analyses as "vulgarity almost not to be credited." But for the most part, she soberly reasons with her

adversaries. For instance: Is society, as charged, "a vast cultural conspiracy" against women, who are "tricked or, let us say, massively guided into opting for housewifery"? Quite the contrary, Miss Decter decides. To assume so is to assume that women are either incredibly stupid or weak. The fact is, she argues, woman is the architect rather than the victim of her fate. Marriage is not only woman's choice but woman's arrangement, to which man is left to acquiesce.

But what about that modern Holy Grail the career, which woman either sacrifices for marriage or is condemned to pursue as a second-class competitor? Miss Decter believes she knows a dirty little secret. Women don't really want work-as-necessity, work as it is for a man. "Discovering for themselves how very difficult—how fraught with stress and anxiety—is the activity of making one's way in the world of work," most women, in their hearts, cherish smaller ambitions than they may militantly pretend.

As for the alleged curse of motherhood, Miss Decter, the mother of four, judges "Women's Liberation's diatribes against the impositions of motherhood" to be "an expression of self-hatred." Here she senses the movement's "true grievance": "Not that women are mistreated, discriminated against, oppressed, enslaved, but that they are...women." Kicking against "the womb itself," Women's Liberation perversely drifts, like a bad update of *Lysistrata*, toward "female chastity," and a world of boycotted relationships.

What about men?—enmity for whom, Miss Decter asserts, is the "basic, one might say founding passion" of Women's Liberation. Beleaguered male chauvinists could hardly find a better champion. "A husband's kindnesses and attentions to his wife, along with his concern that she be well housed and well fed and sexually gratified, are," Miss Decter protests, hysterically misinterpreted, as if they were sinister "plans from which he means to construct a towering edifice to his own vanity."

Foreclosure. Miss Decter is even willing to relieve man of part of those sexual responsibilities. "The pursuit of orgasm for a woman," she argues, "is an entirely irrelevant undertaking." Nothing has agitated Miss Decter's early women readers more than this extraordinary pronouncement. One of the printable responses: "Few feminists are opting for chastity or lesbianism or the foreclosure of the vagina." Miss Decter's counterbait: the sexual revolution has assigned to women "the obligations of an impersonal lust they did not feel but only believed in"—constituting, in other words, just one more unwanted freedom.

Women's Liberation, Miss Decter concludes, is a rather messy living tes-



ANTI-FEMINIST MIDGE DECTER
Juggernaut v. Molotov cocktail.

timony to "the difficulties women are experiencing with the rights and freedoms they already enjoy." Though she may speak in "the language of social justice," the Women's Liberationist is really afraid of the risks of being human: "the rhythms of time and mortality." She lacks "the courage to recognize the extent of one's frailty and dependence on others." What she refuses to come to terms with is not a man's world but life itself.

Miss Decter has drawn up a severe indictment. It generalizes too wildly about Women's Liberation and is too personal to be documented. It is also clumsily written. Still *The New Chastity* serves as a provocative act of overcompensation on a topic that, for the moment, lacks spokeswomen (to say nothing of spokesmen) in the center.

Can a woman find happiness without her orgasm? Is motherhood a universal female urge resisted at one's own risk? Will day centers save the sanity, if not the very life, of the mad housewife? Not even Ann Landers knows, certainly not Midge Decter, who is at her weakest when—especially on sex—she seems to be passing off private views as nature's laws. What Miss Decter does know is that these issues are not the issue, that the real question is whether or not ideology can or should define life so that all human griefs, all failures in fulfillment, tend to get blamed on a single cause.

It is this anti-romantic posture that finally counts. The author has insisted that while people are unfair, life is unfair too, and that one primary human responsibility is to discriminate between the two. Are we talking about agony or are we talking about boredom, "identity crisis," and so on?—forms of agony, to be sure, but deserving less total metaphors. Every revolution requires its Midge Decter, the citizen not easily buffaloed, who keeps asking embarrassing questions.

■ Melvin Maddocks

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BOOKS

Sliding Seaward

MUSEUMS AND WOMEN AND OTHER STORIES
by JOHN UPDIKE
282 pages. Knopf, \$6.95.

It seems a bit graceless to complain at this stage (his 41st year, his 19th book) about a writer as gifted and giving as John Updike. He has produced a body of writing whose size and consistent high quality are unapproached by the work of any American writer near his age, except Norman Mailer. It is hard to imagine how John Updike could have managed the business of being John Updike any more faithfully.

Yet it is hard to give him the last measure of commitment—and even love—that a passionate reader gives to a very few writers: (let's say) Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Joyce, Twain, Melville, Yeats, Crane and yesygod Henningway. Is it Updike's faint tinge of smugness? Is he too much a cherisher of clever conceits? The reasons seem murkier the more they are examined, but they refuse to be examined away. What stirs these grumbles this time is the author's new collection of short stories. The book also stirs, of course, all of the old admiration: Lord, how well the man writes.

A couple of pieces in *Museums* seem to have been included to show the author's versatility. One is a whimsy about a group of one-celled pond-water creatures attending a cocktail party. Thurber could do this sort of thing well. Updike can't; except for *Bech*, a book, his humor rarely breaks loose from cleverness. For the rest, there is a series of short stories about one of Updike's condescended-to suburban couples, called (smugly) the Maples. The first is very good indeed. It concerns Dick Maple's wobbly, not very creditable reactions when his wife escapes their nest by joining the civil rights movement.

Two unrelated stories are superb. The more striking of these, called *The Hillies*, is the best piece of short fiction in some time. Updike has captured the hostility between culture and counter-culture in the U.S., complete and entire, in about eight pages. He tells of an unbuilt, rocky hill in the center of Tarbox, his fictional Massachusetts town. There the young of the town begin roosting in a large untidy flock. They do very little: smoke some pot, drink a little beer, look down silently and passively on the activity of Main Street. The passivity, the looking-down, the doing-very-little first alarm and then enrage the citizens of Tarbox. Editorials are written, letters sent to the editor. Undirected manias find a focus. The town's self-respect is felt to be eroding. "People are bringing the shutters down from their attics and putting them back on their windows," Updike writes. His story ends: "The downtown seems to be tightening like a fist, a glistening clot of apoplectic signs and sunstruck stalled automobiles. And the Hillies

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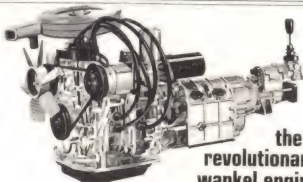
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Keep America Beautiful



BOOKS



JOHN UPDIKE
Voluptuous wallpaper.

are slowly withdrawing upward...They are getting ready for our attack."

The other memorable story, *When Everybody Was Pregnant*, celebrates the '50s—Updike's time. A stockbroker on a commuting train muses (in the way a stockbroker would if he were John Updike) about the distant, incredible time of young parenthood. "Did the '50s exist?" he wonders. "Voluptuous wallpaper. Crazy kids. Sickening sensations of love. The trains slide forward. The decades slide seaward, taking us along. I am still afraid. Still grateful."

That is the feeling Updike leaves, the best of it. And, peace, the grumbling reader is also grateful. ■ John Skow

End of the Road

MY LAST TWO THOUSAND YEARS
by HERBERT GOLD
246 pages. Random House, \$6.95.

The Jewish American fiction writer has had to contend with two Diasporas. First, there was the historical dispersion of his ancestors and heritage: immigrants eagerly filling in the blanks of America, often leaving their sons and daughters confused about where they came from and who they were. This, in fact, became the principal subject of Jewish American writing. The second Diaspora affected the subject itself. Even by the mid-1960s, fiction about Jews had spread pretty thin.

Herbert Gold, now 48, is sticking with the process to the bittersweet end. His story, *Heart of the Artichoke* (1951), with its rich portrait of the tough Cleveland grocer modeled on Gold's own father, is a classic of J.A. fiction. But by the time Gold recut his tale in *Fathers* (1967), the material had worn badly. In *My Last Two Thousand Years*, Gold drops all pretense of storytelling and joins the décolletage school of literary autobiography: revealing just enough to entice the reader into turning the pages, even after it becomes apparent that the author will never satisfactorily

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BOOKS

rily deliver himself to the public.

We hear again what it was like to grow up bright and sensitive in Lakewood, Ohio. His Stateside Army experience during World War II includes the familiar rich, condescending WASP and bullying lieutenant. Later comes a dissatisfying family life in Detroit. Adultery and divorce are followed by New York sex-and-guilt games and the price one pays in lost work time. For the mannered fictional version, see Gold's novel *Salt*.

It is the big town against "Huckleberry Cohen," Rustignac or whatever literary allusion Gold chooses. There are temptations denied. Gold rejects a p.r. man's proposal to turn him into a rich and famous literary package with his name in Leonard Lyons' column. One wishes Gold had gone on to explain how his name eventually did get into Lyons' column.

Finally, on a U.S. Government-sponsored stay in Haiti he senses Jewishness as an unformed community of wanderers. Trips to Israel begin to focus his Jewish heritage. Small, spartan and disciplined by challenge, Israel for Gold seems like some sort of milk farm of the soul. The words pour out—regret for not being worthy of his past, pride at Israel's victory in the Six-Day War, and a feeling that even "the perfect story" and "the perfect girl" are not enough. America, in fact, is not enough.

What is enough for Gold? After meeting an Israeli girl, taking her home and to bed, he walks through the Jerusalem night thinking that the history of the lost Jews of Lakewood, Haiti and Auschwitz all converge in himself—"a man walking across Jerusalem at night after a party and taking a girl home, with the eyes that sparkled in the sky oblivious to his every move."

To Jews who have experienced real oppression or deep religious joy, Gold's self-centered expressions of fulfillment will seem like romanticized existentialism. In middle age, Gold has really very little to say, except to keep some of his old fans up to date. To be fair, he admits to the modesty of his renewal. If only some of his overblown prose on the subject didn't lead the reader to think otherwise.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Ladies in Retirement

THE STEPFOR WIVES

by IRA LEVIN

145 pages. Random House. \$4.95.

Unspeaking changes in personality occur almost overnight among wives soon after they move to Stepford. With mingled horror and disbelief, Joanna, the heroine of this minor movie in hardback form, questions the ten-year-old son of a woman friend who has been thus mysteriously afflicted.

"I—I can't get over the way your mother's changed," says Joanna.

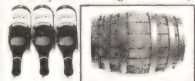
"Neither can I," the boy replies. "She doesn't shout any more, she makes

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BOOKS

hot breakfast." Taxed directly with her bizarre behavior, the poor woman whines: "It's no disgrace to be a good homemaker."

Those of us who are not against a spot of hot oatmeal on a frosty morning, may wonder at Joanna's perturbation. But Joanna is a clever modern wife. She has a husband who cheerfully shares her household chores. Joanna has just moved to Stepford too. Gradually—about 27½ steps behind the reader—she puts the whole sinister plot together. Why Stepford wives never use baby sitters. Why Stepford wives put the packages neatly in their carts at the supermarket. Why the Stepford Women's Club closed down shortly after it was addressed by Betty Friedan.

Ira Levin has had his greatest success with books (*A Kiss Before Dying*, *Rosemary's Baby*) that turn on the fact that men (especially lovers and husbands) will do absolutely anything to women. The plasticity of the Stepford wives, therefore, is linked to the secretive Men's Association up on the hill with its gifted membership, including a chap who once helped animate all those historical characters out in Disneyland.

This is really a short story with delusions of grandeur. But Levin skillfully manipulates the reader's feelings of suspense about Joanna, and whether or not she could do with a little domestic transformation—thus catering to male chauvinists and Women's Liberationists alike. The final message is clear and simple. As an assortment of diannas in 1930s movies used to warn their pretty charges (Frances Dee, Annabella, Maureen O'Sullivan): "Men are interested in just two things. And food's the other one."

■ Timothy Faote

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, Bach (1 last week)
- 2—*August 1914*, Solzhenitsyn (2)
- 3—*On the Night of the Seventh Moon*, Hall
- 4—*The Winds of War*, Wouk (5)
- 5—*The Dark Horse*, Knebel (7)
- 6—*Captains and the Kings*, Caldwell (4)
- 7—*A Portion for Foxes*, McClary (4)
- 8—*My Name Is Asher Lev*, Potok (3)
- 9—*The Levanter*, Ambler
- 10—*I Come as a Thief*, Auchincloss

NONFICTION

- 1—*I'm O.K.*, You're O.K., Harris (1)
- 2—*O Jerusalem!*, Collins and Lapsere (2)
- 3—*The Peter Prescription*, Peter (4)
- 4—*Open Marriage*, Nana and George O'Neill (5)
- 5—*Eleanor: The Years Alone*, Lash (3)
- 6—*George S. Kaufman*, Teichmann (6)
- 7—*Fire in the Lake*, FitzGerald (9)
- 8—*Paris Was Yesterday 1925-1939*, Flanner (7)
- 9—*O Congress*, Riegle
- 10—*The Superlawyers*, Goulden (8)

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From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA
NAME: ELIZABETH DASS
DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1969
NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA
ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER
HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS W/ WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED
CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.
PARENTS: FATHER: DECEASED.
MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS AS A MATCH FACTORY.

Investigation Report:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEANER, DIED FROM TYPHOUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY NEAR FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDIGENT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS MOTHER IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARN TWO RUPEES A DAY (20¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (Hovel) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. MOTHER LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE. AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED ON SMALLPOX
LOURINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THEFTING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE HANDS OF LIVING. IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM HER PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WORKS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.



Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger... she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

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I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____

☐ Please send me more information

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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

A Novice for Public TV

For most of its five-year history, public television has been caught up in controversy and confusion. On one side have been those—in control until now—who have wanted something like the BBC, a vigorous national alternative to the commercial networks. On the other have been those—mostly in the Nixon Administration—who have wanted to spread federal money to strengthen local public stations as a "complement" rather than an alternative to commercial TV. With last week's installation of Nixon stalwart Henry Loomis as president of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the localists appear to have won the battle—at least for the moment.

Though the ostensible issue is centralization v. decentralization, ideology is the major consideration. Conservatives in both the Administration and Congress have strenuously opposed what they consider the liberal tone of public broadcasting news shows, like one that features former NBC Commentator Sander Vanocur. They have also protested segments of the *Great American Dream Machine*, a hip magazine of the air, which they thought expressed radical viewpoints. "Despite its supposed educational purpose," complained Republican Congressman Clarence Brown, "public TV is showing more and more strictly one-sided programs: anti-Establishment, antiwar, anti-Government, anti-this and anti-that."

Fourth Network. Clay Whitehead, policy director of Nixon's Office of Telecommunications Policy, warned public broadcasters against trying to become a fourth network. To put bite in those words, the President last June vetoed a bill that would have raised federal spending for public TV to \$65 million this year and \$90 million next year (compared with the current \$35 million).^{*} There would have to be, Nixon declared, a much more careful look at the direction public TV was taking. Discouraged, former CPB President John W. Macy resigned. Through presidential appointments, Nixon's men gained a majority of the 15-member governing board of the corporation, an independent body that actually determines how Government funds will be spent.

The change in direction at CPB should be almost immediate, since Loomis seems to agree with Nixon on every major point. Like the President, he believes in decentralization of the public broadcasting system. "The ultimate pro-

gram choices," he says, "must be made by the stations, and they should have a considerable voice in national programming." Last year only 13% of CPB's funds went to local TV stations; Loomis would give them at least 30%.

News broadcasts of national affairs, which seem to have been a particular irritant to the White House, will be minimized under Loomis' guidelines. In a near-perfect echo of Vice President Agnew, he is particularly opposed to a newsman's coming on after a televised speech to offer his commentary on what has just been said. "Frankly," he says, "I think 'instant analysis' is lousy be-



PUBLIC BROADCASTING CHIEF LOOMIS
Changing the direction.

cause the commentator who is sitting there hasn't had a chance to think." He is not opposed, however, to local stations airing local controversies.

What, then, should public TV do? "We should be trying to meet the specialized needs of a specialized audience," Loomis says. He would emphasize educational and cultural shows like *Sesame Street* and *Masterpiece Theater*, which this month began showing a British-made five-part serialization of *Vanity Fair*. Indeed, if funds become any tighter, many more shows will have an English accent since it is cheaper to import a show than produce it. "Public broadcasting," Loomis asserts, "is complementary to the basic system in this country—which is commercial." He has no intention of asking for long-range financing of public TV for a while, a move that would mean greater freedom from political control. He adds: "One thing I feel pretty confident about is that this activity is going to have to be accountable to the Congress and to the

Administration, any Administration. These are public funds."

With 19 years' experience in top-level civil service positions, including almost seven years as director of the *Voice of America*, Loomis, 53, is regarded as an excellent administrator. He admits to having had no previous knowledge of public TV. Until his appointment, he had never even watched Washington's public station, WETA. When he was approached to become president of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, his answer was simple: "What the hell is it?" Democratic Representative Lionel Van Deerlin, a longtime advocate of strong public TV, last week greeted CPB's new boss with understandable sarcasm: "It seems about the same as selecting to coach the Washington Redskins someone who detests football. Let us hope for some avid on-the-job training." Other critics saw Loomis' appointment as a victory for the commercial stations, which presumably will now have less worry about popular public broadcasting shows stealing their Nielsen ratings—and their profits.

Both Loomis and the Administration must now make good their own ideas for public TV, however. Although decentralization would give greater attention to local concerns and local talents, it is far from certain that this attractive concept can be made to work. Various experiments with local programming in the early '60s were notably disappointing. Viewers in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, are as accustomed as viewers in Manhattan to glossy, big-budget shows from the networks. They are not likely to tune in to less professional shows on the public channel, even if they do come from their area.

Viewpoints

VANITY FAIR. Public Broadcasting, Sunday, 9-10 p.m. E.D.T., repeated Saturday, 7:30-8:30 p.m. E.D.T.

An import from Britain, this five-part serialization of the Thackeray classic is one of the bright spots in the fall TV season. The story of Becky Sharp, English fiction's most famous social climber, *Vanity Fair* is a comedy of manners and immorals in Regency England.

Like *Elizabeth R*, *The First Churchills*, *The Forsyte Saga*, and other impressive British productions, *Vanity Fair* has been lavishly, even beautifully produced. Susan Hampshire, who earlier played Sarah Churchill and Fleur Forsyte, completes her collection of scheming hitches with Becky Sharp, the archetypal schemer. Hampshire manages to be both alluring and repelling, a hothouse feline with a tiger's claw. Always fascinating, she ought to be placed on the list of protected species.

ANNA AND THE KING. CBS, Sunday, 7:30-8 p.m. E.D.T.

This is a show whose time has come—and long since gone. After a dazzling

^{*}For economic reasons, *Dream Machine* won't be aired this year, and *The Advocates*, which opposes viewpoints of major issues, probably will have a shorter season. Julia Child had been told to close her kitchen until Polaris, which had supported her in the past, last week came through with an \$80,000 contract.

movie based on Rodgers' and Hammerstein's 1951 Broadway musical *The King and I*, the idea of the irascible but lovable monarch of Siam who is tamed by the priggish but lovable English schoolmarm should be retired with honors and prizes. Instead it is being dragged out week after week as an exotic situation comedy.

The presence of Yul Brynner, the King in both the play and the movie, only adds to the unfortunate sense of *déjà vu*. The viewer, no doubt like the star himself, keeps expecting his speeches to end in a song. Gorgeous sets, an even more gorgeous Anna (Samantha Eggar) and a brood of cute Oriental brats seem equally out of place in a show that is nothing more than the standard TV saga of the dumb daddy, the



SUSAN HAMPSHIRE AS BECKY SHARP
Completing the collection.

smart mamma and the smarter kids who walk over both of them.

M*A*S*H. CBS. Sunday, 8-8:30 p.m. E.D.T.

This show, which began as one of the most promising series of the new season, is now one of its biggest disappointments. Based on the 1970 movie of the same name, which followed the misadventures of an Army medical unit during the Korean War, *M*A*S*H* started out as television's first black comedy. It is now as bleached out as *Hogan's Heroes*.

The creeping blandness was probably foreordained. Commercial television is simply not prepared to accept the savage satire of the movie original. Beyond that, no series could hope to recreate the film's peculiar tension between comedy and horror. The writers seem to have given up their initial efforts and now stand on their clichés. "Just a minute, isn't that Frank's bag?" a nurse asks a doctor. Reply: "I thought you were Frank's bag." ■ Gerald Clarke



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